



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Godbey
Godbey

AN



Godbey
Godbey

A N

Happy Nonagenarian

Books by W. B. Godbey, M. A.

The author of *Happy Nonagenarian* has written a large number of books and booklets, all of which, as he says, point out the "sure way to heaven."

OTHER BOOKS

In addition to this volume the Pillar of Fire has published the following booklets from the pen of Dr. Godbey: *Satanic Delusion; Mammon; The Bridehood; The Old Man; Degospelized Pulpit; The Old and New Creation; Russellism; The Tongue Movement, Satanic; Satan's Defeat*. Price 10 cents each, postpaid. Other books and booklets will follow as rapidly as they can be printed.

SOUL HELP NEEDED

The soul must be fed as well as the body. One of the most helpful of all things to a person trying to make the race to heaven is a good book.

Address

Pillar of Fire, Zarephath, N. J.

Not in rec.
3/25/20
P.M.

Happy Nonagenarian

BY

REV. W. B. GODBEY, M. A.

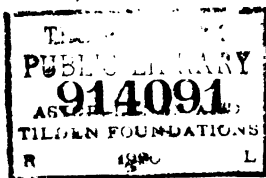


PILLAR OF FIRE

Zarephath - New Jersey

1919

RECEIVED
PUBLISHED
1919



Copyright 1919, by Pillar of Fire

NEW YORK
JUL 1919
HAROLD

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Exordium	7
Chapter I—Childhood	9
Chapter II—Boyhood	32
Chapter III—Youth	59
Chapter IV—Manhood	84
Section I—We Open the Battle	86
Section 2—My Authorship	126
Section 3—My Travels—1884	172
Section 4—Personalities	180

Bill of Fred. Weedy - Oct. 7-20.

Happy Nonagenarian

EXORDIUM

I CAN never praise the Lord enough for the sainted mother, an old-style, shouting Methodist, whom He used to convert my soul, how young I know not; but I remember as well as yesterday my grandfather had come to see me and brought the goods to make me a dress, as I was his namesake, which my mother had made girl-fashion, and I had it on. We children called the goods bombazet. The spots were brilliant and I thought it beautiful, and was delighted with my namesake present. Meanwhile Mother preached to me the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; at the same time telling me that she had given me to the Lord for a preacher and had heard from heaven, that I was to live long on the earth and preach the Gospel, and while the final purgatorial fires will wrap the world in devouring flames, and I said, as to me it was new and startling, "Mother where will I be when the world is on fire," and she said, "My boy, you will be shouting with the angels in the air." I asked her how she knew it, and she said the Lord had told her so. I could stand it no longer, so hustled down out of her lap and ran out to hunt up the other children (as I had three sisters older than my-

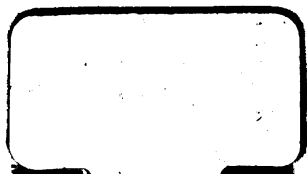
self) to tell them the news, that I was a preacher, as I had never heard it before. They were all playing in a fence corner and I broke the glad news to them and they gave way to uproarious laughter wonderfully tickled to think that the baby was claiming to be a preacher. Eventually, hilarity is superseded by loving-kindness for the ignorant baby who thought he was a preacher when he was at the other pole of the battery, as they thought, when they proceeded candidly to relieve me of my mistake, (a) stating to me, "Willie, you are mistaken, you are no preacher, you can't preach." I did not believe my mother could tell a lie or make a mistake. I do not believe that God ever gave a child to a mother whom He would not have used her to happily convert and gloriously save, if she had only begun in time and been right herself. I stood up before the other children on my clerical dignity and said, "I am a preacher for Mother says it," and I thought that settled the problem world without end. I mustered all my energy and said to them, "This fence corner will do for the meeting house and you the people and I the preacher, and we will have the meeting now," and consequently proceeded with all my might, preaching to them in solid candor, thinking I was the preacher and I must not let them laugh me out of my calling.

(b) They became serious, attentive, and got convicted, while I got happy and heard the call from heaven, which never did leave me, but actually proved a guardian angel, heading off the follies and vices, by demonical intervention so fatal to childhood.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

THE importance of (c) infantile Christianity is neither understood nor appreciated, to the serious detriment of the rising generation. Oh what a sunburst on the Church would the Bible information on this subject prove to be, if it were only brought into availability by parents, teachers, and preachers (Heb. 2:9), "By the grace of God, Christ tasted death for everyone," not "every man" as in the English version, but the Greek *pantos* literally means every human being, and, consequently, the vicarious, substitutionary atonement comes into gracious availability the very moment soul and body united, constitute personality, which is far back in the pre-natal state, five or six months antecedently to the physical birth, superinducing the glorious and triumphant reality that every human being is born a Christian, whether in a brothel, a camp-meeting, an army barracks, or a godly home. The moment soul and body united constitute personality, our blessed heavenly Father for the sake of Christ alone freely justifies that soul, and the Holy Spirit instantaneously administers His new creation, raising it from the dead, as every one is generated in Adam the first, our fallen federal head, spiritually dead and utterly unfit for heaven, full of de-



Godbey
Godbey

AN

Happy Nonagenarian

tle fellow, who stood at the front of her, witness for Jesus and His power to save, and went to him and said, "Charley, what are you doing here at the altar as you have been so bright and heroic, and such an inspiration to others?" He responded, "Why, Sister, I lost my religion this last week," and she said, "How did it happen?" and he proceeded to tell her that he was out playing and a boy hit him and he hit back before he thought, and the boy hit him again and the result was they got into a regular fight and he lost his religion.

(k) Then she proceeded to tell him where Satan got the run on him and tripped him up, that it was when he struck the boy, as the one lick which the boy had given him would not make a fight, and if he had just received it lovingly and blest the boy instead of hitting him, that he would not have lost his religion. Then he saw his mistake, confessed his sin in striking the boy and they prayed together and God blest his soul, taking away his condemnation, lifting the burden from his heart, and gloriously giving him back his religion, so he set out afresh and said he would know what to do the next time, that instead of hitting him back he would obey the Savior and turn the other side for another stroke if his antagonist was disposed to give it, and so he would trust the Lord to make even the insults offered by his playmates a blessing to him.

(l) A Sunday-school is a failure if it does not get the children intelligently saved and then teach them how to go on into holiness, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and consequently they should

always have an altar service in connection with every session, either at the close of the Sunday-school, or in the preaching service which generally follows, as children are not only easily converted but easily collapsed; great liability of backsliding in a week as above mentioned. Special attention should be given all along the battle-line, leaving Satan no loophole to come in, as the maxim goes, "Give him an inch and he will take an ell."

(m) When we see the appalling wreckage of grown up people, not only going headlong in the precipitate rush to damnation, but so many caught by Satan's false prophets and galvanized by an empty, dead profession, a name to live, but dead in trespasses and in sins; thus rushing into hell by the millions; not only down the broad way of the wicked world, but over the sleeker, galvanized, inside route through the churches, we have enough to inspire every energy of our rescued, humble humanity in indefatigable efforts with the children, to get them while we can, seizing the beautiful promise, "Those who seek me early shall find me," as He nowhere says, "Those who seek me late shall find me;" for the great majority of Christians have been saved in childhood while their hearts were tender, and it is transcendently important that we neglect no opportunity to lasso them for Jesus, if possible, antecedently to the age of accountability when they know right from wrong and will fall under condemnation and become guilty sinners, exposed to the horrific liability of making their bed in hell-fire.

(n) We can well afford to not only get them converted, but if they backslide ever so often to rescue

them, as antecedently to the developmmt of their intellect, they are easily lassoed and tripped up by the tempter; but if we will be prompt in our flight to their rescue, we will find them easily reclaimed, corrected, and restored to the favor of God, to walk with Jesus, and the glorious hope of a blessed immortality. Consequently, we should never fail to talk salvation, instruct, bless, and encourage the little ones, remembering the words of Solomon, the wisest man the world ever saw: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife." Therefore we should be full and running over with loving-kindness and tender mercy to every living being, and especially to the little ones; (o) remembering the example of Jesus, who immortalized His ministry by taking the little ones in His arms and blessing them copiously; meanwhile certifying, "Of such is my kingdom;" thus showing up the fact that infants are not sinners, but simply full of inbred sin, every one of them, by heredity from fallen Adam, our federal head; (Ps. 51:5) "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me."

"Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
Born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and ruins all.

(p) Many people believe we are born into the world sinners, which is not true at all, as in that case infants dying would go to hell, the only place for sinners; yet the inbred sin which fills every human heart, though

not condemnatory, because we never committed it, turns our faces away from God toward sin and the wicked world, whereas conviction simply means turning around with the face toward God, holiness, and heaven, as in that case we are sure to start that way as every person moves face foremost. Thus conversion does not take the inbred sin out, but simply changes our own attitude, so we do not follow Satan's leadings into personal transgression, which invariably brings death and damnation.

(q) As I said, the inbred sin which we all have from Satan by heredity from fallen Adam our federal head does not condemn the infant, as it would in that case condemn all the Christians in the world who have not been sanctified, thus running us into Zinzendorfan heresy, that there is only one work of grace and consequently no Christians only those who are sanctified wholly; utterly unscriptural as the Apostolical epistles are not addressed to sinners, but to unsanctified Christians, to lead them into the experience of full salvation. By the wonderful work of God through Christ (Heb. 2:9), every human being is born into the world a Christian, however, he is full of inbred sin which turns his face from God toward the wicked world so he will yield to temptation and go directly into sin, getting worse all the time, going deeper into sin, from bad to worse, till he plunges into hell, if he does not get converted,—i. e., turned around, which is easy in infancy, before he has lost his justification, by the commission of known sin; whereas after he has fallen under condemnation by the commission of known sin after reach-

ing accountability, he has to repent of all those sins and receive the pardoning mercy from God before he can turn around, because Satan has him bound with a log chain which nothing but the omnipotent stroke of God's redeeming grace and dying love can break, and consequently it gets so hard for old sinners; paralyzed by their debaucheries and bound by their own terrible lusts to the wicked habits which precipitate them pell-mell, helter-skelter with avalanche impetuosity down the broad road which gets steeper all the time, till the impetuosity of a Niagara damnation proves absolutely irresistible, and they are swept with awful havoc over the falls of eternal despair.

(r) The Bible is repeatedly explicit in its clamorous warning to every sinner that he will not only have to get saved from all actual sin, but that the evil nature which leads into overt transgression and disobedience must absolutely be eradicated, destroyed, and the heart purified, sanctified wholly (Heb. 12:14), if he ever sees the Lord. Therefore, when infants who have never reached accountability never get converted,—i. e., get turned so that instead of going into sin they travel up the king's highway of holiness (Isaiah 35:8); yet they must be sanctified wholly as God has decreed over and over, or they grieve the Holy Spirit, our sanctifier, fall under condemnation, and make their beds in hell; (1 Thes. 4:8) "He that rejecteth (sanctification), rejecteth not man, but God who giveth unto us the Holy Ghost,"—i. e., God gives all regenerated people the Holy Spirit to sanctify them, and if they will not let

Him do His work, He is grieved away and they commit the unpardonable sin.

"There is a time, we know not when, a point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men to glory or despair;
There is a line, by us unseen, that crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between God's patience and His wrath."

Therefore if we sin away the auspicious time and cross the fatal line, we have simply passed that bourne when no traveler has ever returned; but in the black darkness of despair, we can only sink deeper into the dismal doom of the irretrievably lost while the cycles of eternity roll by, as when crossing the great oceans, in the dead of the dark and dreary night, I have often been awakened by the sounders giving the depth of the sea in their strange, nautical language, till finally with stentorian voice we hear the dismal roar, "No bottom," signifying the sea is too deep to be sounded by lead and line, reminding me of the mournful wails of the damned in hell; incessantly sinking into a deeper, more dismal, and horrific doom of the hopelessly and eternally lost souls.

(s) We should not only get the little ones intelligently converted, but watch them night and day like a guardian angel, and see that they keep their experiences and a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and at the same time the testimony of the Holy Spirit bearing witness that they are the children of God. Jesse sent David to Saul's army at Elam, where his

brothers Eliab, Abinadab, and Shammah were exposed to the temptations incident to army life. He was not only to deliver to them love tokens from the home, but to take their pledge,—i. e., hold a class-meeting with them and see that they were right with God, and if they had lost ground then get them reclaimed.

(t) The great reason why we should watch the little ones is, that because of the non-development of the intellect, they are weak and liable to yield to temptation, grieve the Holy Spirit, lose their hold on God, and actually backslide very quickly; thus throwing wide open the door for the evil spirits winging their flight through the air, led by the devil (Eph. 2:2) to actually come in, and take up their abode in the heart of the little one before he is aware; thus bringing him into bondage, deflecting him from the King's highway of holiness down into Satan's common, where demons howl and specters stalk abroad, seeking whom they may devour.

(u) N. B. The longer a backslider remains in the devil's kingdom, the more he will harden his heart. Consequently every Sunday-school should be a full equivalent of an old-style class-meeting, in which every one was personally interviewed appertaining to his spiritual status. So it is awfully dangerous to let little children get away from God into Satan's kingdom, where the myrmidons, demons, fiends, and imps bring into availability all the devices, stratagems, and seductive agencies commandable by the bottomless pit, for the delusion, entanglement, bewilderment, and subjugation of the human spirit. Consequently every

session of the Sunday-school should be utilized in the straight dealing with souls, pertinent to ascertain their status and attitude, and if they are found exposed to wrath and hell, always take time for an altar service, as it is transcendently imperative that you get them reclaimed with all possible expedition, as Satan is sure to utilize their alienation from God as His auspicious opportunity to so harden their hearts that his grip on them will tighten as the years go by, till they actually cross the dead line, commit the unpardonable sin, (Gen. 6:3) "My spirit shall not always strive with man," which point the antediluvians had reached when they would not let God save them, and, consequently, the great flood swept them into eternity (v) the only hope of mankind; as Noah was the only righteous person on the earth, and he, of course, soon went to heaven as he was 600 years old when the flood did its work; and with his exodus, the light would have gone out, Satan's black wing enveloping the whole earth in hell's midnight.

(w) Do you believe in infant baptism? Baptism has no other meaning in the Bible but a purification, as Jesus (Luke 11:38; John 3:25, etc.) defines it by *katharizo* which has no other meaning in the Bible, though used thousands of times, except to purify. While baptism in our dispensation means precisely what circumcision did in the days of the fathers, signifying purification by the amputation of impurity in all its forms,—i. e., the depravity, hereditary in every human heart, transmitted by Satan through fallen Adam our federal head, and signifies the utter destruc-

tion of sin by amputation and eradication (Heb. 12: 14) ; the same words actually defining circumcision and baptism, (x) our Saviour prominently, in His ministry, taking the little ones in His arms and certifying, "Of such is my kingdom;" thus not only recognizing them as paragon members, but boldly certifying to all adults, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven;" thus certifying the fact that conversion is necessary to bring adult sinners back to the status of their infancy, when they are born into the world in a justified and regenerated state, the change from death to life, from Satan to God, transpiring the very moment soul and body united, constitute personality, (Heb. 2:9) "By the grace of God Christ tasted death for every one."

(y) Therefore the moment you become a human being, this redeeming grace of God in Christ comes into availability, when He, for Christ's sake, justifies the soul, and the Holy Spirit, the moment the law is satisfied, creates the divine life in it, thus raising it from the dead, far back in the pre-natal state, so it is actually born into the world a Christian,—i. e., a citizen of His kingdom, as confirmed by the prodigal and his elder brother, representative of the whole human race, who were born in the Father's house,—i. e., the kingdom of God, and the latter never did get out, but was there fat and flourishing when his junior brother, rescued from the hog-pen by the skin of his teeth, as he was nigh enough hell to smell the brimstone, fortunately got back home, by all Christendom hailed as a happy convert; whereas you see technically, he was simply

reclaimed from a backslidden state, showing the synonymy of reclamation and conversion from a Bible standpoint.

(z) Though our Saviour actually reaches every human soul with His Gospel lasso, antecedently to the physical birth, yet you must remember that every son and daughter of Adam is by heredity full of inbred sin which turns the face away from God, so if not turned around,—i. e., converted, as that is the literal meaning of the word, and introduced to God whom he does not know, though saved by His grace and born in His Kingdom; he, in the succession of the prodigal, will go directly away into sin, like the traveler (Luke 10) born in Jerusalem,—i. e., the Canaan of God, goes immediately down Mt. Zion to Jericho, the capital of the Amorites and the successor of Sodom and Gomorrah which had been destroyed for their sins and hence a depot of the bottomless pit; this unfortunate traveler from Jerusalem down to Jericho, assaulted by robbers,—i. e., sinful habits till they beat him almost to death, the last hope about to take its flight; the priests, representing the preachers, seeing him, but doing nothing for him, as they could not, the Levites, the custodians of the Church, making the same failure in the track of their pastors; when the good Samaritan,—i. e., Jesus, comes along, goes to him, binds up his wounds, pouring in the oil of regeneration, and the wine,—i. e., the Holy Ghost, giving him the two works of grace, the necessity of every lost soul; putting him on His own donkey,—i. e., taking him in His omnipotent arms, carries him to the tavern,—i. e., the

Gospel Church; commits him to the pastor, spends the night with him, pays his bill, and says, "Take good care of him, I will come again and pay the balance."

(a) The pastor always receives a blessing when a soul is converted, but a still greater one when he has served the Good Shepherd, leading him beside the still waters, and permitting him to lie down in green pasture, till probation is ended and the Good Shepherd comes again and takes him to glory, giving the faithful pastor simultaneously a Benjamin's mess for his own soul. The great argument for infantile conversion is because there is nothing to do but to turn the child around and introduce it to the Lord, teaching it to pray, seek, and find His blessing on its soul, and thus instructing the little one to walk and talk with God, live for glory and immortality; thus blissfully fortified against Satan's lasso in the form of evil habits creeping in, and, like the vampire of South America, clandestinely inserting his tentacles into the blood vessels, sucking it all away and leaving a spiritual corpse.

(b) While preaching in an Idaho City, in a holiness church, the pastor said to me, "Brother, Godbey, you must administer baptism before you leave, as a number of the brothers and sisters have never received it, who want it for themselves and for their little ones, but please do not preach on infant baptism, because my leading member is a Baptist preacher." (c) I acquiesced at once, and told him that his suggestion precisely suited me because he was my right hand man, my trunk in his house, and the Abraham of the battle-field; so of course I could not have disharmony with

him. Consequently, I went ahead and preached and proceeded to administer baptism to the brothers and sisters on their testimony to the supernatural birth and entire sanctification, which of course gave them a perfect right to the badge of citizenship, as they were all valiant soldiers of the cross and bona fide citizens of God's kingdom.

(d) Now I proceeded to administer the ordinance for the brothers and sisters who desired to have their little ones dedicated to the Lord; having them all promise in the presence of the crowded audience, the sympathetic angels, and our blessed heavenly Father, that they would do their utmost to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; then proceeding to state, You see I baptized the brothers and sisters on their testimony to regeneration and sanctification, and I have no doubt but that they told me true; yet, I can not know that they are citizens of God's kingdom because the witness of the Spirit is personal (Rom. 8:16), "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," consequently, it is my privilege to know the blessed fact for myself, but not for another, and consequently I can only walk by faith, which I do when I baptize adults.

(e) But in the case of the little ones I have something transcendently better, and that is the testimony of Him who can not be mistaken, and I see Him throughout His wonderful ministry everywhere taking the little ones in His arms and certifying, "Of such is my kingdom;" not only recognizing their citizenship most unequivocally, but holding them up as paragon saints and assuring all adults who would become His

disciples, that they must "be converted and become as little children" or they can not enter the kingdom of heaven, at the same time solemnly warning them against the possibility of incurring the awful responsibility of leading them out of the kingdom in which they were born, so they will commit sin, become backsliders and lose their souls, (Matt. 18:6) "Verily I say unto you, it were better for you that a millstone be hanged about your neck and you be drowned in the depths of the sea, rather than offend,"—i. e., cause to backslide, "one of these little ones who believe in me, for I say unto you that their guardian angels do always look into the face of our heavenly Father."

(f) The Greek word *skandalon skandalidzoo*, translated to offend, has no other Bible meaning but to backslide. As by the wonderful redeeming grace of God in Christ (Heb. 2:9) every human being is a Christian when born into the world; not a sinner, as in that case, dying, they would go to hell, but "sinful,"—i. e., full of inbred sin (Ps. 51:5), which turns the face away from God toward the wicked world, sin, hell, and damnation, and if not turned round,—i. e. converted, they all go like the prodigal (Luke 15) headlong into sin, and while a few have the good fortune of being rescued at the hog-pen, the multitude rush heedlessly on to the next station, which is hell, sadly verifying the significant words of the poet,

"Broad is the road that leads to death
And thousands walk together there,
While wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

A mournful truth during Satan's reign, which, happy to say, will soon have an end, as it winds up with the Gentile dispensation, on whose ragged edges we now tread amid the glorious millennial dawn, when Satan will be dethroned, locked up in hell, his myrmidons all skedaddled from the globe, and the glory of the Lord will sweep down from heaven in cataracts of grace and victory, filling the whole earth; somersaulting the lugubrious schedule of Satan's awful reign which has been on the earth six thousand years, and so felicitously turning it around, that the multitude will be marching to glory; (g) singing jubilantly,

"I have found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
 The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see,
 All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
 In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
 He tells me every care on Him to roll,
 He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning
 Star,
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

CHORUS.

"In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
 He tells me every care on Him to roll.
 He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning
 Star,
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

"He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
 In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
 I have all for Him forsaken, and all my idols torn
 From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
 Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
 sore, ¶

Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning
Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

"He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me
here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory we see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning
Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

As I proceeded to state to the people, I am now so happy to put the badge of citizenship on the babies, because I am not dependent on human testimony, which might be a mistake, because Jesus vouches for all the little ones, charging us to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord (Eph. 6), and warning us of the awful responsibility in case that by precept or example we lead them into sin, which is the plain and unequivocal meaning of that strong Greek word translated offend, and then proceeded at once to the administration; (h) to my unutterable surprise seeing the Baptist preacher lead the column, lugging his fine looking boy baby in his arms and running me into an awful puzzle, mentally soliloquizing, Is it possible that this Baptist preacher has a twin brother looking just like him; but the Lord fortifying me against jostlement I proceeded to administer the ordinance to the beautiful baby in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

following it with a condensed prayer to God to baptize him with the Holy Ghost and fire, symbolized by the "clean water sprinkled on him" (Ezek. 36:25), pleading with God to give him long life in the footprints of his noble, preaching father, John the Baptist, and the valiant host gone on before, and let him blow the silver trumpet to the spell-bound multitudes while his noble father shall play on his golden harp, walking the golden streets; when the Lord turned down from heaven a landslide into the soul of the Baptist preacher, so that he leaped and shouted over the house like an angel, when at a later date, in the good providence of God, I found him pastor of the church.

(i) As baptism tightens up the parental obligation to bring up the child for God, and proves a grand encouragement to the child, as in case of your humble servant, when I got old enough to recognize, remember, and appreciate, and my sainted mother was so blessedly used by the Holy Spirit in my happy conversion; meanwhile she told me that she had given me to the Lord in baptism and that I belonged to Him by an everlasting covenant and that I was to live long upon the earth and preach the Gospel, and when the world was on fire would shout with the angels in the air, and I believed it all, as I did not think she could tell a lie or make a mistake, and it seemed to me that I could actually see the tall archangel standing on the blue summit overhanging my childhood home and blowing his mighty trumpet; the dead leaping into life and with the living all climbing the skies and gathering before the great white throne to receive their everlasting

doom; meanwhile the world is wrapped in fire and I believed just what she said, that I would shout among the angels; (j) and consequently I proceeded at once, in the appreciation of my call, to preach to the children, as you know, that children play everything they see the grown-up people do, as Jesus refers in His preaching (Matt. 11), "You are like unto children sitting in the market place and calling one to another, we have piped unto you and you have not danced, we played,"—i. e., played wedding, "and you have not reciprocated it," as in the old world today much is made out of weddings and funerals. Once in Jerusalem, in order to visit an old friend, I had to pass through a house where a wedding had taken place ten days antecedently, and found the festival still running, tables spread, and the ambrosial edibles and potables ready day and night, so they actually put their hands on me and would not let me leave the house without participating their nuptial festival.

(k) Then he proceeds, "We have mourned unto you and you have not lamented, John came neither eating nor drinking,"—i. e., no boarding-house, as he lived on the locusts which he picked up whenever he wanted them, as they now superabound in that wilderness. Bedouin Arabs live on them; I trow, like John, sweetening them with honey, which still abounds, the benefaction of the wild bees, depositing it in the rock crevices and hollow trees, "and you say he hath a demon; the Son of man came eating and drinking and you say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine drinker; *yet* wisdom is justified of her children,"—i. e., John

lived under the law, preached it in thunder-bolts and lightning-shafts, shaking the people over hell till they fell sprawling in the burning sand, prayed through till they shouted the victory; the mountains roaring and reverberating with the lugubrious wail of the panic-stricken mourner, commingled with the triumphant shouts of newly born souls; the very power that shook old Sinai with earthquakes and lightning-shafts, sending panic to the teeming thousands who hung on the eloquent lips of the happy Baptist, like lightning on the spirits of the clouds.

(1) Thus we see Jesus referring to the children playing wedding and funeral, reminding me of my childhood when we played everything that we saw the people do in the ramifications of domestic, social, and religious life; myself always recognized as a preacher, as sincere then as now, the call dating back to my happy consersion in my mother's lap before she took off the baby clothes, for which I can never praise the Lord enough, as it headed off the devil so I never tasted beer, and though reared in sight of a still-house in the worst whiskey state in the world (good old Kentucky); do not know the taste of any of Satan's drinks; never used tobacco; know not the taste of coffee; use no tea, chocolate, or any other nervine, which breaks down the constitution so I would not have preached these sixty-five years, and doing more now than perhaps any other person you can find, including the teaching of the Bible, Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and my editorial work, this being my 230th book on Bible holiness, all telling the people the sure way to heaven.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD

I INCLUDE the first twelve years of my life in my childhood, the next eight, in boyhood, the next fifteen, in youth, then forty-eight, in my manhood, followed by my valedictory, which I will tell you more about when we reach heaven. Ten years ago, when I reached my seventy-sixth birthday I wrote *Happy Octogenarian*, including the eighth decade of my life; the first five years expiring with my eighty-first birthday, cognomened "Octogenarian Sunny-side," followed by the ensuing five years, "Shady-side," running down to my eighty-sixth birthday; when this book takes the field and runs five years, "Nonagenarian Sunny-side," expiring with my ninety-first birthday, if He lets me stay, when the "Shady-side" will follow the ensuing five years winding up with with my ninety-sixth birthday; when, if He still keeps me on the battlefield, I will enter the tenth decade of my life, "Sunny-side, Happy Centennial," running down to the one hundred first year, if he should let me stay, followed by the "Shady-side" five years, running down to my one hundred sixth birthday.

(m) Therefore if the Lord lets me live ten years, you will see another book, *Happy Centennial*, giving my life, during my tenth decade. I give you this in-

formation simply to post you in reference to my humble work for the Lord; at the same time praying for you all that God may honor you in the verification of the sacramental host seen by the Apocalyptic prophet, "come up through great tribulation (the lot of all saints), having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" hoping and praying that He will keep His hand on you and His arms around you, that you may have the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, kindly co-operating with your humble servant in the spread of Scriptural holiness throughout the whole world, thus expediting Satan's defeat and our Lord's glorious appearing to reign in righteousness "forever and ever and ever" (Dan. 7:18).

(n) Born and reared amid the great primeval forests of my native land, when a little bit of a lad I became a celebrated climber, like a squirrel climbing the fruit trees which abounded, as my preaching father was a noble frugiculturist, surrounding his home with diversified species of delicious fruits, so much to the delight of us children, as five girls and four boys lived to be grown, all now in glory except Josiah, two years my junior, who is preaching at Fayette, Missouri; but the forest trees I would climb after the wild grapes which abounded along with other delicious fruits; thus keeping my parents alarmed lest I should fall and thus lose my life at that early day when they were so anxious for me to live long to preach the Gospel.

(o) A majestic red oak stood on a beautiful hill across a lovely vale in full view of our home and was

climbed and entwined by a vine which produced delicious summer grapes in superabundance. I climbed it and gathered them for the home and my friends, and on one occasion when far up in the top, somehow a limb breaking I started falling, catching on the limbs which spread in their beauty all around and doing my best to get hold and stop falling, but did not succeed till I fell, perhaps eighty feet, and rested on terra firma, unhurt, though of course much alarmed; the Lord making it a great blessing to me so afterward I was very watchful, doubtless in answer to the prayers of my preaching father and shouting Methodist mother, whom he honored as guarding me during my young and precarious life. In school I had celebrity and notoriety as the fleetest runner, and the most expert wrestler, meanwhile my teachers through my scholastic life of twenty-one years, beginning at five and graduating at twenty-six, all pronounced me the most proficient student, accomplishing more than any other and at the same time a paragon of good order.

(p) I have frequently been embarrassed when the president of the school would stand up and castigate the students for delinquency and disorder and at the same time say, "Why can't you all do like Godbey who always behaves himself, is never delinquent in his attendance, and always knows his lessons?" I had celebrity and notoriety as the fleetest runner and the most expert wrestler in all the circle of my acquaintance. Consequently, when we would meet and have a little leisure they would make me wrestle for their entertainment. The boys were very scientific, bold,

and dictatorial on the subject ; taking charge of me and my competitor and giving us choice ; (q) whether we would take "back-holds" or "breeches-holds," and when we made our selection, they would proceed to see that we took hold scientifically and all right, and had nothing to do but proceed, when the boss would command order by all present, meanwhile we were standing fast hold of each other, as arranged by the boys, one of whom would drop a hat, which was the signal for us to begin the very moment it left his fingers. I became so expert, and always throwing my antagonist, that I refused to wrestle with a boy of my own size as there was not honor enough in throwing him. Therefore when they would bring him out if he was not decidedly larger than myself, I declined to manipulate him and demanded a large boy.

(r) The secret of my success consisted in the quickness of my nerves. My phrenological chart gives me the nervosanguineous temperament high. Consequently, as I was quicker than my antagonist, I always threw him before he made his effort ; the heavier he was, after I had tripped and tilted him, the quicker he would reach the ground, and my contract was at an end as I did not have to hold him down, but just throw him. As I mentioned my phrenological chart, when a student in college, Professors Fowler and Wells of New York came to our city and lectured on phrenology in the court-house, the largest building, which was overcrowded, and the two big colleges, male and female all present.

(s) The oldest professor in the female college,

chairman of the committee they appointed to select subjects for examination for the edification of the audience, stood up and read out W. B. Godbey, first of all. It was my first session in college, and being a stranger I was surprised and shocked, and really unwilling to go out for the public examination, and consequently dropped under a bench in the dense crowd, making no answer; when the professor repeated the call and some of the boys shouted, "Here he is, hid under a bench." Then I had to walk out, take my seat, when he proceeded to examine my head and delineate my character; at the same time filling out a chart, which I still have in my library, telling all about my predilections and disposition.

(t) When he put his hand upon the organ of combativeness, he marked it high, and said "This boy will fight, and you must let him alone if you do not want trouble." When he reached the organ of destructiveness, he pronounced me a dangerous character and warned the people again. When he reached the organ of firmness he said, "This boy is stubborn as a mule when he gets his head set and you can not manage him by force, for he will die in his tracks." I knew that all he said was true, but in the Lord's good time, when He baptized me with Holy Ghost and fire, he took the fight, destructiveness, and stubbornness all out, or rather eliminated the Satanic element out of them and left them the purified servitors of the Holy Ghost, ready to fight for the truth, and seal my faith with my blood; destroying everything I meet which is out of harmony with the sweet and perfect will of God, and always

ready to preach and to die regardless of the combined powers of earth and hell, like Madame Guyon, delighted with the thought of martyrdom for Him who bled and died for me.

(u) Early in my teens I reached a point where no school in all the country could teach me, as they had nothing in their curriculum but spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the latter, my teachers would stall and tell me the sum was wrong, to skip it and go ahead; but soon stall again, and so I had to stay at home about five years because no school in that country could teach me; meanwhile I was as diligently employed as any school could have manipulated me; not only reading the Bible and good books, as my father was a preacher and admitted nothing into his house but the orthodox truth; especially giving my attention to history, which I remember to this day, as the Lord blest me with a wonderful memory, after a hard day's work on our mountain farm, which I took out of the primeval forests, densely overgrown with great trees and immense undergrowth; clearing eight or ten acres every year between the crops and having it ready for a grand corn field, the ensuing spring; (v) thus blessedly developing my physical constitution; giving me the hardihood of a crocodile and the activity of the antelope, and thus preparing me so wonderfully for my life work in the kingdom of God, preaching the Gospel, by speech and pen, teaching the Bible in the inspired languages, which God preached in Eden, and Jesus in His wonderful triennium, shaking the world today with an earthquake from center to circumference,

as a physical constitution is the indispensable substratum of the indefatigable labor so pertinent to all the enterprises of God's kingdom.

(w) I would work hard all day, read till midnight, and the day following, out in my clearing, chopping and piling brush, or following the plough, study over what I had read, and thus get it so imbedded in my memory that it has stayed with me these eighty-five years, and my mind is now vigorous, as I never had headache or any other cerebral or nervous ailment, and I think it is because I never used intoxicating drink, tobacco, tea, coffee, opium, or any other narcotic, all of which operate like the whip and spur on the horse, stirring him up to greater speed, but wearing him out the sooner. I never can praise the Lord enough for the infantile conversion which headed off Satan and enabled me by the superabounding grace and good providence of God to give Him my life, which He has already prolonged into the ninth decade, consequently permitting me to write this book memorial of the ninetieth year of my pilgrimage on the earth; the decade all future, the first five years, the "sunny-side" of ninety, and the second, the "shady-side," if the Lord permits me to abide in order to finish the work He has given me to do, as I candidly believe it is the reason why He permits me to live so long, perpetuating my vigor, physical, intellectual, and spiritual; He is simply keeping me here, as yourself, to finish the work for which He sent us into the world.

(x) When a little lad I was a member of a debating society, whose participants were preachers, teachers,

civil officers, and the public men of the community, edifying a crowd of people with their forensic discussion on diversified subjects of edification and interest,—e. g., “Art and Nature,” which the more beautiful, attractive, and magnetizing to the human eye; “Indians and Negroes,” which have the greater right to complain of the American people for their maltreatment, enslaving the one nation and robbing the other of their delightful home they so much enjoyed in the primeval forests; “Sectarianism and War,” which the more detrimental to human happiness, as the former is Satan’s false religion, a greased plank over which to slide the people into hell, and the latter, the climactic stratagem of the devil, by the charms of music, pomp, pageantry, parade, and ambition to so manipulate the people, as to make them kill one another in piles, heaping the earth with mountains of the slain and deluging it with blood, which of these Satanic caprices is the more detrimental to human happiness in time and eternity?

(y) Another subject we discussed in our debating club was “Celibacy and Wedlock,” with reference to the happiness of this fleeting life; also, “Columbus the discoverer,” A. D., 1492, and “Washington,” to whom the nation is indebted for independence. To which do the American people owe the greater debt of gratitude, the former for his discovery or the latter for his heroic rescue from foreign oppression? As the years came and went, the senior members of this debating club evanesced one by one, turning over their mantle to us boys, who pushed it vigorously till I left

home in my twenty-first year to prosecute my collegiate education, never to return except as a transient visitor, when it speedily evanesced.

(z) That debating society was transcendently helpful to my education, during the interregnum of my scholastic life between the common schools, which were very limited in their availability in that country, so that I could find no one competent to teach me the arithmetic beyond compound numbers, or at most the single rule of three, and consequently I would have suffered seriously in the prosecution of my education if I had not availed myself of the Bible, history, and other good books to employ my mind, which was exceedingly active; thrilled and electrified with enthusiasm for learning in every ramification; so after a hard day's work on that rough, rocky, thorny mountain farm; having gathered up light-wood, which superabounded, I would read till midnight by firelight, meanwhile the elements were roaring and reverberating with the shrill clarion of hounds and hunters, horns and guns, magnetizing the whole community except myself, as my neighbor boys went wild after hounds, fiddles, fandangoes, shooting-matches, still-houses, horse-races, chicken-fights, and all sorts of amusement.

(a) But I had a stronger charm in a good and interesting book than all these carnal, Satanic fascinations could parade. Three thousand years ago Homer the prince of poets and the father of Grecian poetry wrote the Iliad, twenty-four books, the siege of Troy by the united armies of the Greek nations ten years and finally captured by the strategy of the wooden

horse invented by the crafty Ulysses the king of Ithaca, a rocky island in the archipelago, after which they all sailed for their native land, so anxious to get back after an absence of ten years constant war, so beautifully and brilliantly described by this father of poetry:

“Achilles’ wrath to Greeks, the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing,
That wrath which hurled to Pluto’s gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose bones unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Atrides and Achilles strove,
Such was the sovereign power and such the will of
Jove.

Declare, O muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprang the fierce wrath, from what offended power;
Latona’s son a dire contagion spread
And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead.”

In that day the mariner’s compass and the steam engine had never been dreamed of and consequently storms and whirlpools were the terror of all the sailors. Homer says, that Minerva the goddess of literature, the patron deity of Troy sent an awful storm which utterly separated the ships of Ulysses so that they lost sight of them and returned to Greece believing that they had all gone to the bottom of the sea; meanwhile they were diverted by a storm, tossed furiously upon unknown seas, wrecked upon the rocky coasts of strange lands where they passed through wonderful adventures with the pagan gods,

demigods, giants, and hostile nations; (b) till ten years more fled away, written up by that wonderful bard, the prince of poets in twenty-four books which I have, giving with thrilling interest the wonderful adventures of his men. My amanuensis asks about Polyphemus the wonderful giant with only one eye in the center of the forehead who gave Ulysses so much trouble, as Homer describes him, 240 feet tall and consequently competent to pursue the ship into the sea and snatch her up with his Briarean arms and capsize her like a toy.

(c) During those thrilling adventures Ulysses loses a number of his men and peregrinates the island of the goddess Circe in search of them; finding a herd of magnificent, fat hogs, which grunted and squealed at him so significantly as to arouse the suspicion that they were his men metamorphosed into swine. Consequently, going into the house of the goddess he demands the restoration of his men, and of course she was very reluctant to give them up till he drew his sword and told her he would kill her if she did not restore them, when she walked out with him into the lot and touched each hog with her magic wand, and behold a man stood up whom he knew as well as his own face, so grateful for deliverance, and thus she continued till they were all restored. This is poetry, yet it has an edification which we would all do well to appreciate, as Homer certifies that these men came to the house of the goddess Circe and she gave them pork to eat, and as they were very hungry, they actually disgraced themselves by gormandizing, till they

reached the point where she had nothing to do but to touch them with her magic wand and metamorphose them into hogs and turn them out in their pen; beautifully corroborating the law of Moses, pronouncing the swine unclean and forbidding the Lord's people to eat it.

(d) Under the Gospel dispensation we have larger liberties, (1 Timothy 4:4) "Every creature of God is good, and not to be rejected, for it is sanctified by the word of the Lord and by prayer." Therefore we certainly have a right under this bold, Pauline Gospel to eat hog, dog, snake, or buzzard; yet we should appreciate the hygienic lesson, involving the conclusion that it is not wise to eat the swine, as it is neither good for body, mind, nor spirit, too gross and heavy, and consequently I abstain from it for hygienic reasons as you see in this fable the men ate of it till they were metamorphosed into hogs. Therefore we had better let it alone. Thus those wonderful ten years augmenting the decade of Troy to a full score of years before Ulysses reached his home; meanwhile the young princes of Greece had early in the last decade waited on his beautiful, intelligent queen, Penelope, seeking her hand in wedlock, assuring her that her husband was dead, herself a widow, and matrimony all right.

(e) But she modestly declined, certifying to them that her husband was alive and coming home, and they must excuse her; at the same time afraid of them lest they might take her kingdom away from her, and consequently acquiescing in their complimentary entertainment, which was an awful expense, as there were so

many of them, and finally, as they were so unfortunate, pleading with her to make her selection and rest assured that the others would all acquiesce and go away to their homes, till finally she tells them that she is weaving a great web for a burial shroud for Laertes her royal father-in-law, quite old and liable to need it at any time (as in that day the art of weaving was only known to one here and there; queens aspiring to the honor which was recognized by all nations as a royal encomium); stating that when she got it done, she would make a selection and enter into wedlock with one of them. That great host of brilliant young princes from all the royal families in the Greek nation, lingering there and eating up the substance of the kingdom, each one aspiring to her hand in wedlock; eventually, as she is so long on the job, they become impatient and watch her through the night and actually find that she is raveling out the preceding day's work in order to prolong the job, till the twenty years have rolled away, and behold her royal husband arrives disguised as a beggar, because he had heard of the trouble in the court and knew his life was in danger, as in case they knew him they would kill him to get his beautiful and intelligent queen as well as his kingdom.

(f) Despite the beggarly disguise and the lapse of twenty years, she discovers him at once, when he gives her the wink, and she prudently abstains from every suspicious demonstration, simply treating him as a beggar; meanwhile, as Homer says, his old dog recognizing him, fawns on him and drops dead at his feet,

the joy of meeting his old master being too great for the brittle thread of his old and weary life.

(g) As the days go by the suitors amuse themselves, dropping their pennies into the hat of the old beggar till he maneuvers to decoy them into a shooting-match, which gives him an opportunity to throw off the mask, certify his identity, receive the happy congratulations of his people and actually slay all the suitors, entering triumphantly upon his reign after an interregnum of twenty years, so wonderfully thrilling as to be written up by Homer the blind old bard of Ios' rocky Isle in the Iliad and Odyssey, to this day recognized as the premium poem of the uninspired nations, only to find their eclipse in the melodies which accompany David's harp, ringing out from the inspired pages the beautiful anthems and transporting melodies, the crowning glory of the sweet singer of Israel.

(h) While the Greeks had no Bible, they are the children of Japheth the youngest son of Noah, the name in their beautiful language, Jovan, who reached his patrimony about six hundred years after the flood, the historic founder of that nation, who, in poetry, oratory, and the fine arts, put the Gentile world in total eclipse, sending forth Alexander the Great to conquer the whole world and thus put the Greek language in every nation under heaven, God's glorious preparation for the advent of His Son, who, with all the apostles preached the glorious Gospel of life and salvation in their dispersion throughout the inhabitable globe, till bloody martyrdom, set them all free to fly up to heaven, leaving their prophetic mantles on the shoulders of the

200,000,000 martyrs following in their bloody track with shouts of victory; infinitely delighted to add their blood to the crimson flood, rolling down from reeking Calvary, reciprocated by millions of saints beneath every sky, shouting,

“The cleansing stream I see, I see,
I plunge, and lo, it cleanseth me!”

(i) While the Greeks had no written Bible we must remember that Noah, the second father of mankind, walked with God in the beauty of holiness, transmitting the beautiful truth to his sons long centuries before God, through Moses, gave the world the blessed Bible, and consequently we see grand and beautiful truths radiating in golden sunbeams from Greek literature, as in this case Ulysses brilliantly symbolizing Christ and the beautiful, brilliant Penelope his royal bride, waiting his return those twenty years amid the terrible annoyances of the young princes seeking her hand in wedlock on the allegation that her royal husband would never come back; meanwhile his return and the massacre of his rivals, his enthronement, and coronation symbolize the return of the Church's divine Spouse to receive His waiting bride, through the intervening ages faithful and true despite the temptations of the carnal world which have long ago captured the counterfeit Church so prominently in the prophecies cognomened the harlot of Babylon.

(j) Reader, are you in the attitude described in Luke 17, robed and ready, loins girded, lamps trimmed and brightly burning, staff in hand, listening for the

midnight cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," not only lamps lighted and brilliantly burning, but your vessels filled with oil,—i. e., your hearts filled with the Holy Ghost?

(k) Remember, every person's heart is full of depravity, till the Lord baptizes him with the Holy Ghost and fire; eliminating inbred sin, when He always enters His temple, as Isaiah, in the 6th chapter saw His glory filling the temple and the cherubim above the pinnacles shouting vociferously, "Who will go for us?" when the juvenile prophet instantaneously reciprocates, "Here am I; send me, but I am a man of unclean lips," —i. e., not sanctified as the Holy Ghost dispensation was launched at Jerusalem when Jesus baptized the 120 with the Holy Ghost and fire; yet God in His loving kindness gave it to Isaiah, as to the patriarchs and prophets proleptically; sending an angel with a live coal from heaven's altar to put on his lip and take his sin away, as the lip symbolizes the soul, which goes out at the mouth and comes back the same way, ringing its voice from the lips.

(l) Reader, I hope you, in the succession of this Hebrew boy preacher, now accept the situation, joyfully resounding, "Lord, here am I; send me," as He needs all He can get, receives all and turns none away, (John 6:37) "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The awful, bloody rivers deluging the old world today will doubtless prove imitatory of the terrific Armageddon, which will slay the Lord's rivals, who have followed Satan and Antichrist; tormenting his waiting Bride, telling her that she is

looking for Him in vain, and at the same time tempting her by carnal emoluments to enter into wedlock with the world.

(m) As the present war is found predicted in Revelation 16:13-14, and the very next verse, "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he who keepeth his commandments, that he may not walk naked and they see his shame," the very next prophetic vision; potently corroborated by the fall of the Turkish Sultan in 1909, when the sixth angel poured out his bowl of wrath upon the great river Euphrates; and the recent capture of Jerusalem by the British Government, the Lord's best friend among the earthly powers, doing more to civilize and evangelize the world than any contemporary; both John and Daniel having confirmed the prophetic fulfilment; the latter (12:11) giving the Gentile times, at Jerusalem as 1290 years, and the former repeatedly throughout the Apocalypse as 1260.

(n) Now harmonize these numbers as you see the rule in primary arithmetic, "Split the difference, add to the less and subtract from the greater;" $1290 - 1260 = 30 \div 2 = 15$. You see the difference is 30, and the rule says split it,—add to the less: $1260 + 15 = 1275$, subtract from the greater: $1290 - 15 = 1275$. Hence you see, John and Daniel harmonize, as the latter used the Lunar Chronology, which has 354 days in the year, and the former, the Calendar, which has 360 days in the year, consequently in the Roman centuries it amounted to thirty years more for Daniel than for John. As they saw the very same vision, though living separate 600 years in time, and in distance 1,000

miles, God in His wisdom repeated Himself in their prophecies, and they are so very important; doubling His testimony, so we will all be sure to get it.

(o) Now as we have the Solar Chronology, 365 days in the year, we must give it to you in that plain and unmistakable presentation of these momentous truths. The Turks took that country A. D., 634. Consequently, we must add to that number the time Jerusalem was to be "trodden down with the Gentiles," which you see is certified by John and Daniel harmonized is 1275 years, which $+ 634 = 1909$, the very year the Sultany fell and the government somersaulted into the administration of a new dynasty, cognomened, the "Young Turks," diametrically opposite to the old Sultany, so tyrannical with the Jews as to make it a penalty of death to come into the temple or the holy campus; utterly disqualifying them to citizenize for love or money, or to hold property anywhere in the Holy Land, thus uncompromisingly expatriating them; (i) whereas the new dynasty immediately called a convention in Jerusalem, inviting Jews as well as Gentiles, and voting to them citizenship, encouraged by a royal proclamation to the Hebrew children in every land to come home, rest their weary feet on their own delectable mountains amid the tombs of their fathers and mothers; in a great procession Turk and Jew marching arm in arm from wall to wall, amid music roaring and banners flying, Jews admitted into the temple on the holy campus; and now you see the late capture of the city by Britain, their substantial old friend, Baron Rothschild, their own blood brother, an

officer in the British Government, holding a mortgage against the Turkish Government, on all the Holy Land, which they are utterly incompetent to redeem, and consequently we may consider the restoration of the Jews a foregone conclusion, and it should inspire us all to be every moment robed and ready and looking for the great and wonderful Jew to come back on a white cloud, accompanied by millions of angels, as you see He certainly will (Acts 1:11), to take His waiting Bride to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and give us all our appointments for subordinate service in the glorious Millennium.

(p) During the wonderful adventures of Ulysses who beautifully symbolizes Christ, and Penelope, his noble queen, so brightly typifying the Bride, whom those royal suitors tried for ten years to deflect from jubilant anticipation of her coming lord, symbolizing the hosts of Antichrist, blockading the march of the faithful Bridehood to meet the Divine Spouse, all slain there by the triumphant Ulysses, brilliantly symbolizing the Armageddon, destined to take out of the world the princes of the earth and their coadjutors who antagonize the enthronement of our glorified Jesus as King of kings and Lord of lords forever. In the Odyssey, Homer gives us the adventure of Ulysses, sailing by the Island of the Sirens, occupied by women so beautiful and their songs so melodious as to magnetize all ships passing that way to land on the shore, which meant destruction to all the sailors, as Homer says their music actually charmed the waves of the stormy sea into quietude, to drink in the dulcet mel-

odies which transcended all attempted resistance and proved so fatal, as in the absence of the mariner's compass and the steam engine, navigation was so perilous, as Homer says despite all determination to resist and pass by, the ships were drawn ashore, the sailors "perishing" as he says, "by a sweet destruction."

(q) Ulysses took the precaution and stopped the ears of his men with wax so they could not hear the music and had them chain him to the mast-head, therefore when they heaved in view and beheld their angelic beauty, and their sweet songs came sweeping over the cerulean sea, and behold they are singing the wonderful adventures of Ulysses the hero aboard the ship, and so charmed him that he would have proved unable to resist if his men could have heard and consequently been under the same temptation. So there we see a decisive victory of his wisdom, as Homer gave him the palm for sagacity in all the Grecian army, as after a siege of ten years, they actually captured Troy by the stratagem of the wooden horse, invented by the crafty Ulysses.

(r) Three thousand years ago, in the midst of the heroic age of Greece, when the famous ship *Argo* sailed in pursuit of the golden fleece, far away to the shores of Colchis, so long, arduous, and perilous a journey in that age of the world; about all the heroes mentioned in the Homeric poems, giving immortal celebrity to the Greek nation and actually preparing for the conquest of the world under the leadership of Alexander the Great, when they reached the Island of

the Sirens of which they had heard so much, the ships were proving incompetent to resist the temptation to land responsively to the more than mortal melodies, anthems, pæans, and heroic odes, it so happened that Orpheus, the greatest musician in the world was on board the *Argo*, and when they reached the island in full sight, blooming in its beauty, and saw the angelic forms of the Sirens, who turned on them their music in which they were singing the exploits which had immortalized these Argonauts, they put Orpheus out on the poop of the ship, with his lyre, accompanied by his voice; (s) so there was a grand musical competition, the Sirens on the shore and Orpheus on the ship, and as Homer certifies in his eulogistic magnification of Orpheus as the hero of the musical world, and on this occasion with his lyre accompanied by his voice actually so eclipsed the Sirens, that they acquiesced, recognized his preeminence and felt so crushed by the signal defeat, of which they had never dreamed that any person on the earth could eclipse them, they actually plunged into the sea, committing suicide rather than lose the crown of the world's musical queenship.

(u) As I was born and reared in that wild country, where my contemporaries went pell-mell after hounds, fiddles, fandangoes, still-houses, shooting-matches, horse-races, etc., over which that blessed infantile conversion had given me the victory, so I did not know the taste of intoxicants, nor the number of cards in a deck, nor the number of strings on a fiddle; never loaded a fire-arm in my life, nor danced a step; but

working hard all day and reading by firelight, as we were poor, till midnight the good books with which fortunately our humble home was supplied; the long winter nights running on, and the roar of the hounds ringing in my ears.

(v) If you think a pack of a dozen hounds chasing a buck or a bear over the mountains does not make charming music, you are certainly mistaken. They beat all the violins, organs, pianos, and multitudinous instruments I ever heard; yet I was like Orpheus, the first man who ever resisted successfully the charm of the Sirens, because his music was richer, sweeter, more melodious, captivating, charming, and glorious.

(w) So I had a good book which downed all the hounds, fiddles, fandangoes, and all the charms of that wild, rural country which captured the youth, deflected them from God, not only sending them to endless woe, but actually verifying God's warning, "The wicked shall not live out half their days;" as I now ever and anon visit that country, preaching under a beautiful sugar-tree planted by my own hand when a little boy and now affording shade for 500 people.

(x) Though we were the only Methodist family in the neighborhood, as it was the hot-bed of Campbellism, a few Baptists out four or five miles, the Lord, using my humble service, a few years ago, under the sugar-tree, started a revival which culminated in the erection of a Methodist church in full view of the memorial tree. Though happily converted in babyhood, like all unsanctified Christians I lived an up and down life; frequently getting under a cloud, though

not addicted to evil habits incident to childhood and youth, against which I was felicitously fortified by the infantile conversion, which headed off the devil, to my unutterable astonishment as I contemplate the hell-traps set all round and the people falling in in multitudes. Oh how my heart leaps for joy as I contemplate His signal mercy, even miraculously delivering me from those terrific Santanic pitfalls!

(y) On a Sunday morning a group of my neighbor boys, hiding from my parents, called me out and asked me to go fishing with them, when I gave them an unequivocal negative, as it was Sunday and we must keep the Lord's day holy; meanwhile they all turned loose with their eloquent speeches against me certifying that there was no harm in it and Christians did it, till they seemed to outtalk me, and seeing that I was weakening they grabbed either arm and leaped away across the fields, through dense forests, entangled swamps, over rugged mountains till we reached the waters; meanwhile my conscience got the victory and they had a mourner on their hands despite all their united efforts to cheer me up by what they aimed for funny talk, when it was really so vile as to make me bluer and plunge me in deeper despair. On arrival at the waters they outfit me with their best hook and line, as I had none, and put me at the best place, but I was too blue to fish and would have gone home but through fear that I would get lost in an attempt to follow the roadless track we had come. Consequently, I spent the day with them, so sad and gloomy that I will never forget it. At nightfall, dropping me off in

sight of home, they dispersed and I went to the back of the garden and did some of the hardest praying of my life; the Lord hearing me and blessing my soul, as I solemnly promised to be true to Him at every cost. Sometimes the clouds over me were so dark and my load so heavy I would go to bed thinking I was sick when it was nothing but conviction. Thus moving along in that alternation of light and darkness, rising and falling, sinning and repenting, up and down, at the age of sixteen the Lord sent a revivalist, a Baptist preacher from Louisville, who held a long protracted meeting in the house of a Baptist preacher, as they were too few and poor to have a church edifice; meanwhile the Lord poured out His Spirit in copious effusion on the people and I walked four miles to the night service over a very rough road, and finding the house overflowing, crept into a corner, as I was little, and inundated with the consciousness of the Divine presence filling the house as I had never before realized, because the Campbellites had no Holy Ghost meetings and even preached against them. The preacher was wonderfully filled with the Spirit, and it seemed that the entire audience was moved by a Pentecostal earthquake, crowding the altar, praying through and shouting the victory. I was under a dark cloud, though I did not know anything I had done to drive the Divine presence from me; with all my heart saying yes to God and praying incessantly I went forward with others and saw them rise with radiant faces, jubilant shouts, and thrilling testimonies as the meeting swept on till about midnight, and when the benediction was pro-

nounced the preacher said to his brethren, "Come and get these mourners and take them home with you and keep them till they get religion or the devil will get after them and no telling what will become of them."

(z) A good Baptist brother said to me, "You will go home with me and stay till you get religion." I was a cheap boarder as I did not eat a bite or sleep a wink, and never could in that fix; spending the whole night in awful agony and so delighted to see the day dawn once more; but could not eat breakfast, went to meeting, and, as it was Sunday the women crowded the house, a multitude of men outside, and myself with them, when their foolish, carnal, obscene conversation seemed to tear the heart out of me till I ran away to the woods, fell down alone at the root of a great white oak tree and know not how long I stayed, as I found myself on the mountain summit overlooking the tree and leaping for joy; my burden rolled away and heavenly sunshine filling my soul; the people in the next meeting reading it in my physiognomy, so they told me, before I told them, shouting over me and pronouncing it a glorious conversion, as they so cognomened everything we got in the meetings, no light on sanctification and nothing said about it; though frequently during the antecedent dozen years I had been under a cloud and would pray and cry my way back and God would receive me, that was my last reclamation, as I received light on the problem of walking with God as never before, from the simple fact that neither my preaching father nor by shouting Methodist mother, whom God used so blessedly in my

conversion, recognized the fact that I had it because they believed we were all born sinners and had to grow into adult age before we could be converted, and consequently for the lack of information relative to infantile Christianity, they did not know how to teach me to walk with the Lord and talk with Him and abide in His presence night and day, which would have been the delight of my soul, thus felicitously fortifying me against the ups and downs normally incident to the unsanctified, and grievous to the Holy Spirit, because the normal attitude of the justified is earnestly and incessantly seeking sanctification, in which case there would be no downs, but an upward trend rising to loftier altitudes till the happy pilgrim treads the Beulah heights and shouts the victory of full salvation.

(a) It so happened during the run of that long and glorious revival, falling rain cut down a night audience and even left us without a preacher, when a good old deacon, by all recognized as a paragon saint, the sweet singer of Israel, though not gifted in public prayer or exhortation, conducted the service, calling on your humble servant to lead the prayer for the congregation, the first time in all my life, as it was not customary to volunteer as we do now. I proceeded unhesitatingly, though surprised when he called my name. I do not think I had been praying more than a minute or two till my sister, eight years my senior, a lovely Christian, broke out shouting after the old style, leaping and praising the Lord with a loud voice.

(b) I inwardly soliloquized, Is it possible the Lord has used me to pray my sister into a shout? at the same

time taking great courage, lifting the flood-gate, turning on a full head of steam, I moved off at race-horse speed, others breaking out, the fire falling and spreading till every Christian in the house was up shouting jubilantly as on Pentecostal day, while all the sinners falling prostrate on the floor wept aloud, and oh, what a meeting, tongue can never tell! The blessed Holy Spirit filling the room and finding a unanimous "Yes" ringing from every soul; the meeting running on twice as long as usual and everybody pronouncing it the best they ever saw, your humble servant reaching a fulness, latitude, longitude, altitude, and a profundity never before realized; culminating in a true and deep conviction for entire sanctification, to remove all the depravity and put me where I could serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness, living with an eye single to His glory; this conviction for the glorious experience of Christian perfection, putting me on an upward trend and a burning enthusiasm for a clean heart and the fulness of the spirit which proved a constant break-water against those downward trends, so conducive to the obscuration of my spiritual sky, which had hitherto given me so much heartache. From that memorable night, I was an earnest seeker of entire sanctification, with no light but the Bible and the old Methodist books, as we then had in that country no witnesses to the experience.

CHAPTER III

YOUTH

THIS chapter includes fifteen years, from twenty to thirty-five, marked in my life by the fact that I left home never to return except as a transient visitor; having spent my life in faithful servitude to my parents, due them till majority, twenty-one, having in the good providence of God raised a fine horse which I sold for \$90, a big price for that day, and took some of the money to pay a young man to work on my father's farm till my majority, June 3, and having enough left to pay my way a session in school, to which I had to walk fifty-five miles over rugged mountains and flooded rivers in order to study English grammar, as it was not taught in my native land, where we had nothing in the educational curriculum except reading, spelling, writing, and primary arithmetic, and I had been out of school five years for the want of a teacher, as I had gone as far as I could in our common schools; exceedingly proficient in spelling, which was much appreciated in that country, spelling-matches largely attended, with thrilling interest, the last day of the school always devoted to competition spelling alone, to the delightful edification of the multitude always thronging that occasion.

(t) I shall never forget the closing day of our school

when another, including teacher, pupils, and quite a lot of people came to us to down us all in this competition spelling, in which nothing was used but *Webster's Spelling Book* from beginning to end, the teacher using the whole book at his own discretion. When they arrived and crowded our house, having boasted over their anticipated victory, turning us all down, our teacher took your humble servant, then a little lad, to begin the campaign, the other teacher calling out his scholars ad libitum, and so they began with the little people in monosyllables, moving on to dissyllables, trisyllables, etc., everyone going down as soon as he or she missed a word, as I knew the whole spelling book by memory, till actually the whole school got up one by one and stood by me in competition spelling, quite a lot of then grown juveniles, and myself a little lad, till finally the last one, a gigantic youth, moved out with a sanguine determination to have the victory, when they had passed through the book to the last section of it, which was a vocabulary of words with their definitions arranged alphabetically; (c) when they reached the word "dun," "to urge for money," he spelled it correctly, and they gave me the same word defined "a brown color" and then "done," "finished" to him again, and he roared aloud "d-u-n," which I knew to be incorrect and consequently did not wait for the teacher to turn it over to me, but proceeded to spell it correctly, which wound up the spelling-match, our teacher telling the people that they had in that little boy, who had turned down the whole school, a

speciman of his students, when the people grabbed me up, carried me, and tossed me in a regular jubilee.

(d) As already stated, at the age of twenty, I went away, fifty-five miles to reach a grammar school, where I studied grammar for the first time in all my life and made so rapid proficiency as to be well competent to teach it, as well as the higher arithmetic, in which my teachers had proved so incompetent that I had to stay at home those five years, in which I took out of the wild woods a splendid farm for my father and mother, this day in a high state of cultivation; working hard all day, winter and summer, and reading a good book till midnight; studying over what I read through the day and preparing big speeches for our debating society, which I found so helpful in the development of my oratorical gifts for the oncoming life work of preaching the Gospel, and at the same time, the arduous physical labor so felicitously developing an iron constitution, giving me vigorous health, for all climates and countries in my peregrinations around the world, preaching the Gospel in our great foreign fields, India, Burmah, Malaya, China, Japan, Africa, and the islands of the sea.

(e) As I was under the necessity of making all the money for my collegiate education, a thousand dollars and six years' labor, by teaching school, as there were no factories in my native land at that time to work little people, and nothing commanded money in the way of physical labor but cutting those great trees into rails, for which I was never physically competent like President Lincoln, born and reared in the same coun-

try, a generation my senior, like me in utter poverty, but made his first money by rail-making at twenty-five cents a hundred, went away to college, as I did, but he had Herculean physical power to wield the ax and the maul and manipulate those gigantic trees, for which I was not equal, and while I cleared my father's farm, we had to hire a stalwart man to make the rails needed to fence it.

(f) For the above reasons when I had used my horse money for a session in the high school, I proceeded to offer my services as a teacher, when the trustees all said, "Will, we are satisfied that you have a better education than the teachers we have been using, but you could not make the children mind to save your life as you are but a child yourself and we are sorry to disappoint you, but can not help it. You will have to wait patiently until you get older." I was twenty years old, but my face was beardless and blooming like a rosy lassie, like David when Samuel went to his father's house to anoint a king to reign over Israel, and Jesse brought out his other six boys, as David was the youngest, leaving him with the sheep; taking it for granted that he was too little to be anointed king.

(g) Beginning with Eliab the oldest, gigantic and brilliant, and followed by Abinadab and in the order of their ages by all of them; every time God saying to him, "He is not the one, pass him by." Jesse, at first, when Samuel asked him if that was all, said yes, because he thought David was too little and shabby to be eligible, and consequently he did not count him, and

was really opposed to sending for him, but courteously, acquiescing in the importunate appeal of the prophet, assuring him that there would be nothing wrong in testing the matter ; when he comes puffing and blowing, having run hard from his flock in order to expedite his speedy return, lest some evil might befall them ; rosy and beautiful looking, not stalwart and masculine, but handsome and lovely, like a little girl, when God said to Samuel, "He is the one, arise and anoint him." So I tried several districts, as teaching was my only hope of commanding the financial resources necessary to a thorough college education, for which I was sighing and crying.

(h) At every trustee meeting, I was turned down the same way, on the allegation that I could not manage the children, and consequently would not do. In my peregrinations throughout that vast woodland country, I ran on to a schoolhouse and made inquiry, and they said there was no school in it. I ascertained the way to the trustees, tracked them all up and asked them if they would let me use that house, when they unanimously answered in the affirmative, stating that they would rather have a school in it than to have it stand empty ; but, making the same objection to me, and, unasked, stating that they would not employ me, but as they had no school I could have the house. Then I told them to tell everybody I would begin the next Monday morning and to tell all the children to come. As they would not employ me, I did not feel free to attempt a subscription school and so I cordially invited them all to send their children, saying nothing about

my remuneration, leaving that with Him who has promised to feed us as He does the birds and clothe us like the lilies. The better class, financially, simply gave me no attention, thinking, like the trustees, that I was too little to manage a school, and it would be a failure. Therefore I opened with a half-dozen poor children, and as I had been so delighted reading histories and was well informed about the master spirits of the earth, who as a rule in all ages have come up from abject poverty; (i) I proceeded to exhort them to aspire to scholarship, preeminence, and usefulness in their day and generation, telling them how George Whitefield, born in a brothel, with no father to take care of him, down at the bottom of pauperism and disgrace, was the greatest preacher the world had ever seen since the Apostle Paul, and how the great women of the world had immortalized themselves, thus stirring them up to make something out of themselves that would be appreciated and shine in time and eternity, till I got them inflated with enthusiasm, so every boy resolved to be a George Washington, a Henry Clay, a John Wesley, or some other great man, and the girls inflated with the aspiration to be a Cleopatra, a Zenobia, a Susanna Wesley, a Hester Ann Rodgers, a Madam Guyon, or some other great woman who had left her footprints on the sands of time for all coming generations to emulate and appreciate.

(j) Meanwhile I taught them to make speeches, which had never been known in the schools, and they were so enthused with the aspiration to be good, useful, and write their names ineffaceably on the escutcheon

of their day and time, that they would not only be a blessing while living, but after they had gone to heaven they would realize the blessed fulfilment of the promise, "Happy are they who die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labors and their works shall follow them."

(k) The result was they were studying so hard they had no time to misbehave, and I had perfect order and no trouble to keep it, and the people hearing them talk and deliver declamations, which I had them learn to the astonishment of their home folks and neighbors, began to send in more and more from all directions, and at the same time send me word to go to keeping books as I was teaching the best school they ever had and they were going to pay me. They actually sent in so many that I had to employ an assistant to carry on my school and it became the sensation of the community far and wide.

(1) The trustees who had rejected me and broke my heart, sent me their apologies, asking my pardon and at the same time employing me, stating that they wanted me to teach their next school; whereas the district where I was teaching had headed them all off by engaging me for the next school after I had gone away to college and spent the money I had made in the first, and so I was all the time pre-engaged and had more applications than I knew what to do with; teaching a school every year, attending college the remainder of the time and studying so hard all the time, that I never fell behind my class and went on through a six years' course, dead languages, higher mathe-

matics, and all the scientific course, actually learning all I could in the best colleges of the state.

(m) I remember while I was going through a six years' curriculum that we boys were waited on and solicited to subscribe to the building of a Methodist church, and they all excused themselves, stating they were too poor, that it was all they could do to support themselves; whereas I subscribed \$60, when I was not worth sixty cents, and in due time paid it, and was the only one of the number who succeeded in completing the collegiate course of study; the others all failing for the want of money, so they never graduated. I remember on one occasion when the time arrived for me to leave college and go to the school I had engaged to teach so as to make more money to prosecute my education; going round and looking up all my indebtedness, found it would take \$60 to pay everything as I had promised to do before I left; whereas I only had \$30 coming to me from the school I had taught the preceding year and had been a little mistaken about my finances some way (charges, higher than I thought), so I got into deep trouble as I was a stranger, my family unknown in that part of the world, and I regretted so much to go away in debt, especially as I was a preacher, and felt the cause of God would suffer. I preached to the slaves, as that was before the emancipation, and the Lord wonderfully blest my humble service. When I came to the college, Georgetown, Kentucky, and found they had three colored churches, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian, and about fifty young preachers in all, out of about two

hundred in the male college; though there was a large female college, there were no women preachers in that day and time. So I went along to the colored churches and gladly did everything I could for the honor and glory of God, but the trouble was that there was so many preachers we were in each other's way as those slaves were our opportunities to practice and learn to preach.

(n) That was a Baptist college and I was the only Methodist preacher in it. When the Methodist negroes found that I was a member of their church, they were so ignorant and superstitious that they asked me if I could not do all their preaching, which was the very thing I wanted, when they shouted over me and said they did not want the Baptist preachers any more, because they had one of their own (your humble servant). We had wonderful times, as they would overcrowd the church and pile the altar and I did enjoy their prayers and songs so much, as they would seek importunately till they got real salvation, so they shouted like angels, singing over the mourners,

“When I was a mourner just like you,
I prayed on till I prayed through.”

Very few of them could read, as the civil law actually made it a penalty for any one to teach them how to read, as they feared they would get too smart and break the yoke of bondage from their necks; but that did not keep God from raising up poets from among them who made their songs, and they all learned them

and they were so edifying and spiritual that they linger with me till this day: "Joseph had a vision, the sun and moon and eleven stars fell down in obeisance to him," followed with the chorus, "Shine like a star around the throne of God. His brothers' wrath was kindled. They sold him to the Ishmaelites who carried him to Egypt; they brought him unto Pharaoh and there they laid the corner-stone on which to build salvation;" the song running down through the centuries taking in the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, Daniel in the lions' den, (o) and on through the wonderful revival of John the Baptist who stirred the Hebrew world from center to circumference, hailing with enthusiasm the star of Bethlehem which led the wise men from the distant Orient to hail with adoring wonder the world's Redeemer in the manger; moving on through His wonderful ministry, culminating with the tragical scenes of Calvary, crowned with the glorious resurrection, and climaxed with the greatest revival the world had ever seen, which descended from heaven in flaming fire with forked tongues flashing the light of celestial victory and glory from the heads of the 120; three thousand converted in the morning, five thousand in the afternoon, the revival wave rolling like a sea over the Holy Land, out into the Gentile world, an ever-widening ocean, broadening and towering ever since; the sable children of Ham, thus hailing the glorious Millennium, the Lord descending on a white cloud accompanied by His mighty angels, to dethrone the devil, defeat hell, and with ever-brightening victory and glory reign forever.

(p) These illiterate slaves by the wonderful illuminations of the Holy Ghost having made this beautiful Gospel song and others not a few, every black mouth wide open from the cradle toddler to the nonagenarian tottering on the verge of his grave, making the elements roar and reverberate with their triumphant songs; profoundly attentive while I preached, cheering me with *amens* and *hallelujahs* responsively to the Holy Spirit, who certainly had right of way with those sable children of the Dark Continent, and oh, how they piled the altar, pushing the battle into the small hours of the morning, praying through and shouting the victory!

(q) As I had ministerial reputation to sustain, though not yet courageous enough to preach to the white folks; meanwhile God so wonderfully opened the door for me to dispense the living word to His dear people toiling in hard bondage; when the time arrived for me to leave college, and come away to the school responsively to engagement, I owed \$60, somewhat to my surprise, because I found the board higher than I thought, and only \$20 due me from the school I had taught the preceding vacation, and consequently in deep distress I fell on my knees, told the Lord all about it and asked Him to help me out of the trouble lest the people pronounce me a fraud having deceived them and covered up my theft with the sacred mantle of a Gospel preacher; thus pouring out my heart, beseeching Him to help me out of the trouble conservatively to the interests of His kingdom, when He so blest me that the burden all evanescenced and I got happy, when Uncle Sam brought a letter that I anticipated.

I was expecting him to bring me the \$30 and I broke it open and how I was surprised to find \$60 in bills with no explanation; my grateful tears so flooding my eyes that I could scarcely read; but I went away and paid off all my debts, bidding the people a loving adieu without a cent left behind me, mounted the stage, as the railroads had not been born, came to Perryville, Kentucky, where the Lord at a later date gave me the best of earthly goods, as the poet says, "Of earthly goods the best is a good wife, a bad, the bitterest curse of human life." He so blessedly gave me the former, who proved my guardian angel fifty-five and one-half years and went to heaven without sickness while I was preaching in Philadelphia, the Lord speaking to me when I received the telegram, these inspiring words, "She finished her work and I took her to heaven; your work is not done, go ahead and finish it and I'll take you."

(r) On arrival at Perryville I immediately hunted up the leader of the school board, a good old local preacher, and asked him, "Brother Polk why did you send me \$60 when you only owed me \$30?" "We aimed to give you all the public money when we engaged your service at a stipulated price, but when we received it, there was \$30 more than we expected and we had no use for it but to pay you for your service and I felt you had earned it and ought to have it, and so I waited on the patrons and asked them what I should do with it and everyone responded, 'That boy taught us the best school we ever had; working hard all day from sun to sun (which was true because there were

so many students I had to use all the time to render the service they needed, as I was teaching them nearly everything I had studied in college, in addition to the English course normal to the common schools) so give him every cent of it as he has earned it all and more too.' ” You never knew a parallel case, and the simple solution is that God touched the hearts of those stingy blue-grass people and made them so sympathetic with their boy teacher who had labored so faithfully and assiduously that, like Israel departing out of Egyptian bondage when God touched the hearts of their own masters so in their loving kindness they shelled out their money to them, making liberal donations to their poor slaves in whose faces they never again expected to look (where the English says they borrowed jewels,—i. e., uncoined money and went away and never paid it, the word *borrow* should not appear, as the Hebrew simply says they received these donations, the kindness of their old masters, thus verifying God's promise that they should not go out of bondage empty handed, and consequently you see they had plenty of money in their wilderness peregrinations where they made a living somewhat by cultivating the soil and splicing out with the bread which God sent down from heaven in the nightly manna, and as history says they prosecuted running enterprises, thus augmenting their finances.)

(s) I can never duly praise the Lord for His superabounding goodness, permitting me to prosecute a thorough education, classical and scientific, and graduate in the full collegiate curriculum, yet I made a very

sad mistake which I here mention for the benefit of all who shall read these pages, and that mistake was that in the prosecution of the dead languages, an essential part of a finished education, that I did not restrict myself to the blessed Bible alone ; instead of spending four years studying the classical authors who were the lights of the age in which they lived and thrillingly interesting to the appreciative student ; yet the inspired authors in the Bible would have sufficed the prosecution of those languages and at the same time have flooded my soul with heavenly light, turning in rivers of grace and glory to course through my life not only in this world, but through all eternity.

(t) I never can regain the loss I sustained by devoting the vigor of my youth to the study of those uninspired authors, not acquainted with the God of heaven and with all their transcendent intellectual achievements, idol worshipers. I hope you will profit by my mistake and instead of taking Homer and Virgil, the princes of Greek and Roman poets, take David and Solomon who wrote by the infallible inspiration of the Holy Ghost ; instead of Demosthenes and Cicero the champions of Greek and Roman oratory, take Paul, John, Peter, and the brilliant cavalcade of Old and New Testament writers which flood the Bible with the sweet, delicious, and beautiful truths by which we are saved and sanctified, fed and panoplied, and have the victory.

(u) Never in time or eternity can I regain my loss in not learning the Greek and Latin languages from the inspired authors exclusively, which was beautifully

and perfectly feasible, as I had access to the whole Bible in Latin, it having been translated in the apostolic age and revised by Jerome in the 4th century in his cave-house in Bethlehem, which I have often seen, and my guide pointing me out the window where the guardian angel came down and cheered him in his labors of love. It is very beautiful and I have read it with delight, but we never do get to read the Bible enough as its truths are unfathomable, unsoarable, and illimitable, brighter light breaking in every time we read it.

(v) I also had the entire Greek Bible, the New, by the lovely and gloriously inspired authors, and the Old, translated by the seventy learned Jews under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt in Alexandria, 280 B. C.; these beautiful and glorious volumes of God's inspired word, oh, what a feast to my soul would they have been that memorable quadrennium I spent in college, reading authors, grand and wonderful for intellect, learning, genius, and natural gifts, but living and dying in the dim and unsatisfactory light of pagan polytheism; proving all right as teachers of those beautiful languages, the vehicles of legendary lore, but the heavenly banquet my soul would have enjoyed all that time, would have proved a Benjamin's mess, fattening my soul into spiritual gianthood and giving me a proficiency in the precious word I never can reach, as the Baptist revival at the age of sixteen was such a wonderful blessing to me, lifting me up to altitudes never before known, and at the same time practicing immersion and believing it

the apostolic mode, thus in that respect corroborating the Campbellism in which I was born and reared, flooding the whole country with materialistic infidelity, denying the personality of the Holy Ghost, even in the pulpit denouncing and ridiculing experimental religion, contaminating the spiritual atmosphere with their dangerous heresies; preaching neither the supernatural birth for the sinner, nor sanctification for the Christians, the *sine qua non*s of admission into heaven; pleading with the people to throw away the superstition of Holy Ghost, experimental religion, assuring them that there is no such thing, join the church on the confession, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," which Campbell adopted as the cornerstone of his Church, because it was Scripture, and in that was mistaken, as it never was in the Bible (Acts 8:37) till Erasmus, a contemporary of Luther put it there, thinking some transcriber had left it out, as the *Textus Receptus*, from which our Bible was translated was then the oldest manuscript known, but afterward many were discovered, none of them having the eunuch's confession and consequently though we all know it is true, it is not Scripture and Campbell would not have taken it if he had known the facts. Simply on this confession, which the vilest sinners are all ready to make, they immerse them in water and pronounce them bonafide Christians, thus deceiving them to their awful detriment, as a man who thinks he is a Christian when he is a sinner, is ten times surer of hell than one who knows he is a sinner.

(w) While the whole country was appallingly in-

oculated with that soul-destroying heresy, immersional regeneration, I had adopted the orthodox Baptist view that it was the Bible mode, but no water baptism essential to salvation. Consequently I constrained a Methodist preacher to immerse me in water as the people assured me that I would have the victory; but came out with the only change, from dry to wet, and bluer than ever, so I howled in the wilderness nineteen years as the Lord never did give me His baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire which alone can give the soul the victory for which we all sigh and cry till the Pentecostal fire falls on us in sin-consuming flames, verifying the prayer of Carvasso, fifty-three years a class-leader in John Wesley's day:

“Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!”

(x) In the providence of God I went through the entire course and received a complete classical education, graduating with the degree A. B., three years later superseded by the A. M. degree, and became president of a college, my school lodge, and in every way prosperous; meanwhile becoming a member of the Masonic fraternity and the lodge of Odd Fellows; having been led into both by the preachers. Traveling

round through the Louisville conference, drumming for students, I light on a great revival, a multitude of people, and the altar crowded with seekers, when they put me up to preach. I was then delighted with the opportunity, but knew nothing about the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, as I had never received the heavenly Paraclete as an indwelling comforter, but made all my sermons by the power of my intellect and education, having a good supply of them on a vast diversity of subjects ready at my option.

(y) So in prayer I made a selection, refreshed my mind, and of course gave a revival sermon preaching it with great interest to the multitude of listening, spell-bound people, winding up with an altar call and receiving a most encouraging response (as the people in that country were in the habit of seeking the Lord for weeks and years successively without missing an opportunity to come to the altar).

I marshalled the workers, congratulating myself on the grand encouragement by the audience and the altar, when a mother in Israel on the verge of her grave, took hold of her pastor's arm and pulled him down and spoke to him in an undertone, but my juvenile acoustics heard every word: "Brother Donaldson, please do not put up that little *fop* any more as he will ruin our revival." This was to me a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. As I was a college president, I thought it all right to dress in style, with a stove-pipe hat, pigeon-tailed coat, tooth-pick shoes, etc.; a gold watch and chain for which I had paid one hundred sixty dollars. I slipped away at my first opportunity

into a lonely forest, fell on the ground and wept like Peter when Jesus turned on him that midnight look which broke his heart. My soul cried out, O Lord is it possible that after all my hard work to educate myself to preach Thy Gospel, that I am nothing but a "little fop?"

The thunderbolt from the stammering lips of the mother in Israel proved the golden wedge that split the old gum log, carnality from end to end, and consequently it was not long till the fire fell, burning up the Free Mason, Odd Fellow, Methodist preacher, college president, candidate for the episcopacy, the gold watch retreating before the silver, which in due time, when I heard of iron watches selling for a dollar and a half, took the place of all its predecessors, as no more of the Lord's money could be wasted by this pilgrim. I was in a glorious revival doing all the preaching, house flooded, and altar crowded with seekers, as they were shouting Methodists, hallelujahs and amens roaring all round, when I wound up with an invitation to which about fifty of all ages responded and I proceeded with my local preachers who were good workers, brothers and sisters, to push the battle heroically, no one professing sanctification as there was no light on it in that country, because it is an experience and consequently can only be preached by those who have it.

(z) Born a Methodist, and John Wesley's catechism is full of sanctification, the first book I ever read, I was always orthodox on the doctrine, and preached it all of my life, but the doctrine is not the *sine qua non*,

without which no man can see the Lord (Hebrews 12:14), but the experience, which can only be preached by those who enjoy it. The Lord used me to pioneer the holiness movement from the Atlantic to Mexico through all Dixie-land.

(a) In Texas a great Methodist preacher pronounced an appointment to dig me out by the roots, giving it extensive publicity. He loved an old slave who had great respect for his old master, and as he was shouting his sanctification, he invited him to his meeting and gave him a chance to knock the fanaticism out of himself. The hour arrived, the house was crowded, but old Ben was up in the gallery and heard all of the sermon, which wound up with fulsome congratulations by the brothers and sisters eulogizing his powerful sermon, in which he labored to convince them that I was preaching error and deceiving them, as there was no sanctification, much to the delectation of his carnal members who suffered earthquake throes under the straight preaching of entire sanctification, the only key to unlock the pearly portals. (b) Seeing Ben, he interviews him, "How did you like the sermon?" As the old slaves were so courteous to their old masters, Ben responded, "Good sermon, Boss." Then he said, "Then I suppose you have given up your sanctification?" Ben responded, "Boss, I said it was a good sermon, but you did not go far enough." He replied, "What do you mean, Ben?" Ben said, "Boss, you said dar is no sanctification, you should have said, 'Not dat you knows of, but I knows dere is, for I has got it, glory to God!'" The Lord turned into the old ser-

vant's soul a wonderful heavenly landslide, and he shouted like Gabriel; thus taking all the force out of the grandiloquent sermon, preached to comfort his 'anti-holiness members whom the Lord would not comfort unless they repented and went down for rock-bottom salvation, which alone would stand the Judgment fires.

(c) So I reached a point where I had to look after *number one*, and lose sight of that wonderful altar service, moving in Pentecostal panorama around me. By heredity, I had quite a group of little Methodist gods tinkering about me, as well as some Baptist divinities, ever since my glorious blessing in their revival, the biggest of all, the *water* god, as I had constrained that Methodist preacher to put me in over my head, whereas it proved a failure, because I found the clouds darker and the burden heavier. All my little gods having evanesced, that big immersion god still held his ground, till it seemed he got an inkling of his coming destination, as fire is stronger than water and burns it up, and somehow he got an intimation it was coming and retreated into a fog-bank leaving me entirely with Jesus, and you may rest assured something wonderful happened. Jesus baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, burning up lodgery, sectarianism, humanisms, in every form and phase, and among them the water god and the fog-bank into which he had retreated.

“O, the blessing and the power,
That the Lord gave me then,
I never shall forget,
I never shall forget,
Even now 'tis stealing over me

Again and again,
It lingers with me yet."

"I never shall forget how the fire fell,
How the fire fell, how the fire fell;
I never shall forget how the fire fell,
When the Lord sanctified me."

When the Lord sanctified me, it was at the winter solstice, longest nights, and we had begun at six, and I found myself running up and down the aisles like a race-horse, making all the noise I could, many of the seekers having risen from the altar with shouts of victory, and it was eleven o'clock. The Lord had wonderfully baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire after all of my idols got out of His way, as He never would give it to me so long as I wanted Him to go into partnership with the water god or any other idol, as His omnipotence needs no help and will not have any.

(d) That was in 1868, fifty years ago, and I never had seen a person sanctified or heard a testimony on it, the people called everything in revivals "getting religion," and consequently, I heard them saying, "The preacher has got religion too." As dead men neither strike nor kick, I accepted the situation, supposing that my conversion had not been finished all right, and the Lord in His mercy had topped it off. I was so filled and flooded I had to tell everybody I met, white and black, the stupendous work the Lord had wrought in my soul, and observing that He had so gloriously finished off my conversion. I met an able theologian, my presiding elder, and told him, when he responded to me, "Godbey, you are mistaken about that, if you have

not been converted, none of us have." (I was eminently useful in revivals, an efficient altar worker, and at that time the Lord's blessing was upon my labors with a Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit.) I told him, "Brother Evans, what is my blessing if the people are mistaken who think it is my conversion finished off?" He responded, "I know what it is, and am only sorry that I have it not; it is the *Christian perfection* about which we read so much in the old Methodist books," which put me to studying, as I had studied those books in my conference course finding them dry and uninteresting, because I thought Wesley mixed up conversion and sanctification, and some of his Gospel sons could explain those mysteries more satisfactorily.

(e) Meanwhile, I met with a Methodist preacher, nearly a hundred years old, tall in his youth, but bent down and walking with a staff, and told him my experience. He began straightening up, finally reaching perfect physical rectitude, and throwing back his bald head, his wrinkled face becoming radiant and his old dim eyes flashing juvenile fire, he raised the shout, "O, my boy, it is that grand old sanctification I used to see and hear when a little lad! You have got it sure as you are born."

(f) I immediately hunted up John Wesley's books on sanctification, fortunately his *Plain Account of Christian Perfection* and read it with an unveiled face as never before. The Lord had lifted the carnal veil which disqualified me to look down into the deep interior and see the deep things of full salvation which now broke on my vision in gorgeous panorama, hold-

ing me spell-bound, as I saw the two works of grace as distinctly as the Alleghanies and the Rockies, the Great Mississippi Valley intervening, my great flood of tears disqualifying me to read, so I leaped and shouted and rejoiced in the Lord as never before, the triumphant song leaping from my lips:

"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

"The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border land!"

"I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit,
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

"I struggled and wrestled to win it (just 19 years),
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace, Jesus gave unto me.

"He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

"The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh,
'My peace I will give unto thee.'"

With what infinite delight I then read the grand old
Methodist books on Christian perfection, delectably
realizing that I had it in my soul, singing night and day:

“I would rather be the least of them,
Who were the Lord’s alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.”

The prayer of my heart constantly going up, Lord let
me die

“So dead that no desires arise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour’s eyes.”

CHAPTER IV

MANHOOD

THIS word, of course, I use in its spiritual signification as we reach it only in the experience of entire sanctification, having hitherto lived in spiritual minority, saying with another, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, and it is no longer I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me (Romans 7),—i. e., the heredity, depravity, old man, inbred sin, Satanic nature, hereditary from the fall, through father Adam, our federal head, in whom we were all created spiritually dead, as he was a representative character, the only creation, as every other human being came into existence by homogeneous evolution, as you see in the first chapters of the Bible, this peculiarity characterizing the created universe, everything having the power to repeat itself.

(g) So Adam was created with the power to multiply himself infinitesimally, but could not transmit what he did not have, and consequently, after the fall he filled up the world with spiritually dead,—i. e., totally depraved people fit only for hell if the condescending love of God had not bowed the heavens in mercy; loving the world so transcendently as to give His only begotten Son, to bleed and die, their vicarious substitute, and thus actually redeem every human soul

from sin, death, and hell so gloriously and triumphantly as eternally to preclude the vaguest apology for the damnation of a solitary soul, as the normal grace of God in Christ actually reaches every human being the moment personality supersedes fetality, which is far back in the pre-natal state, several months antecedently to the physical birth, so that every human being is born a citizen of the kingdom, as you see in case of the prodigal and his senior brother, both born in the father's house,—i. e., the kingdom of God, and the latter never did get out. The former was felicitously snatched as a brand from the burning after reaching the hog-pen, the last station before hell, and triumphantly reached the father's house, thus representing every converted sinner and showing up the fact that he is simply a reclaimed backslider, as we are born citizens of the kingdom, as none can deny, as Jesus everywhere taking the babies in His arms so certified, and if we contradicted Him we had better never have been born. Then why do we all need conversion? Because though by the wonderful grace of God in Christ every human being is born a Christian,—i. e., a citizen of God's kingdom, we are all born full of depravity, hereditary from Adam, our federal head, having been imparted to him in the fall by the devil, whose essence and quintessence it is, and its very attitude turns the face away from God, holiness, and heaven, and toward the wicked world.

(a) Therefore, if not turned around like the elder brother (Luke 15), the prophet Samuel, Samson, John the Baptist, the Apostle Timothy, your humble servant,

and millions of others who names are in the Book of Life and introduced to God, receiving into the heart His adopting love (Romans 5:5), poured out by the Holy Ghost, and the witness of the Spirit (Romans 8:16), like the prodigal we would all go from bad to worse until we plunged into hell, if not fortunately rescued somewhere in our downward trend and brought back to the father's house, to meet the elder brother who had never left it as he had been converted in his infancy.

(b) When the Lord so wonderfully baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, A. D. 1868, thus permitting me to walk with Him this wonderful half century like Asa Maham without a jostle, the immediate effect actually made me a *cyclone revivalist and debater*.

SECTION I—WE OPEN THE BATTLE

Born and reared in the hot-bed of Campbellism, as its founder came into Kentucky when I was only six years old and had the greatest success of his life with his followers heroically preaching the new doctrine that Holy Ghost religion is all fanaticism, even denying the personality of the Holy Spirit, ridiculing the whole matter under the cognomen, "Ghost story," and doing their utmost to obliterate spirituality out of the plan of salvation, ritualizing it into a simple problem, joining the church with no experience of salvation, simply confessing the Christhood of Jesus, and reforming from their gross immoralities, as he translated the New Testament and put reformation in it, instead of re-

pentance, which simply knocks the bottom out of Christianity, as man's side is the radical and unconditional repentance, superinduced by godly sorrow for all sin, so deep and contrite that we not only renounce it and hate it so uncompromisingly that we would have our heads cut off rather than commit it, at the same time restoring and correcting all the evil we have done to our utmost ability, and confessing the same.

(c) One must give all his sins, actual, original, commissional, ommissional, and every other sort, back to the devil to whom they belong, leaving him world without end, live or die, sink or swim, hell or heaven, and die in his tracks rather than commit another known sin. When this is done God is never behind with His work, which is salvation, as we see abundantly confirmed by the preaching of John the Baptist, the model of the ages, and Jesus, the infallible God, both alike in that respect, incessantly preaching, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," thus showing clearly and unequivocally to a lost world that when the vilest sinner repents in the real Bible sense, the door into the kingdom of God spontaneously opens wide, leaving him nothing to do but leap in with a shout, run up the shining highway of holiness (Isa. 25:8) which Jesus built with His own toiling hands, with ever accelerated velocity until he leaps with a shout through the pearly gates, receives a starry crown, never to fade away, but accumulates new luster through the flights of the eternal ages.

(d) I was graduated from Georgetown College fifty-nine years ago, because the Methodists at that time had

no college in the state, Transylvania University, at Lexington, having gone down because Campbellism poured in an Arctic flood from the north pole inundating the state by their controversial preaching, denunciatory of Holy Ghost religion, and by their belligerent policy doing their best to run it out of the country, actually capturing our college, and have it yet, simply because Methodist preachers, as well as those of other orthodox churches, did not do their duty, contending pertinaciously for the faith once delivered unto the saints (Jude 3), the word in that verse *agonidzoo* from *agonia*, the place of the Coliseum, the largest theater in the world, 1,800 feet in circumference, elliptical in shape with two foci like a whispering gallery so the audience of one hundred thousand could all hear, like the Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, which I have visited, and seen the problem demonstrated.

(e) In the Coliseum, that immense multitude poured out their money to see the gladiators, the prize fighters of the world, put forth every possible effort for dear life, always fighting till one or both were killed. So this is the word the Holy Ghost uses to reveal to us how we should contend for the truth once delivered to the saints, fighting with all the power of spirit, soul, and body, everything launched by Satan for the seduction and damnation of souls, like Campbellism, Mormonism, Catholicism, Seventh-Dayism, Christian Science, Tongueism, and everything except the blessed Bible with its grand, central truths, the supernatural birth for every sinner, and entire sanctification for

every Christian, wrought by the Holy Ghost in the heart through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in utter and eternal abandonment to God, ringing out the song :

- (f) "Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

"Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love."

His is the only name given under heaven, by whom we can be saved (Acts 4:12) ; omnipotent, needing no help, an insult to His majesty and grief to the Holy Ghost to offer Him any. These heresies put the preacher in place of Christ, the water a substitute for the Holy Ghost, whose logical sequence is hell instead of heaven.

(g) When the Lord gave me this experience fifty years ago, making me a fiery cyclone, I had sweeping revivals everywhere ; actually seeking the hardest and most hopeless places, declining all calls to camp-meetings as I wanted to do all the preaching, and would have a bigger meeting everywhere I went than the camp ; the people dropping their work and coming in multitudes, thronging the altars, holding on night and day, because so many mourners were smitten down with conviction and could not walk, consequently the meetings were like heaven, where, as the poet says, "Congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end,"—meanwhile I could not preach the Gospel, which

has but one definition in the Bible (Romans 1:16), where the strong and beautiful Greek which Paul preached defines it dynamite, the greatest explosive in the universe,—i. e., that undefinable heaven-born agency which blows the devil out of the sinner, and devil-nature,—i. e., depravity, out of the Christian; and of course I could not preach it and do my duty to God without digging Campbellism out by the roots, exposing its materialistic infidelity on the Holy Ghost, and idolatry on immersion, and its utter destitution of the Gospel dynamite which alone can blow hell out of people the only possible way to keep them out of hell; because spiritual gravitation takes everything where it belongs, the people going to hell because they have it in them, which is true of all sinners; and others going to heaven because they have it in them. Actually every soul either takes its own heaven through the pearly gates into the glorious heaven of God and the angels, or its own hell pulls it like an avalanche over the Niagara of damnation into God's penitentiary, the only place for people who will not let Him take out of them everything belonging to the devil, and congealizing it to a deeper and more terrible damnation through the flight of the eternal ages. While crossing the great oceans and the mighty seas I have often been awakened in the dead hours of the night by the reports of the sounders giving the depth of the sea, and finally winding up with the loud, lugubrious wail, "No bottom!" signifying that the sea was too deep to be sounded with lead and line, but reminding me of the mournful wail of the damned through the flight of endless ages, go-

ing down to a deeper and more awful damnation, as everything finite is progressive, the wicked getting worse, more assimilated to the devil, and their torments the more terrible through all eternity, their own diabolical momentum sinking them deeper into woe, while the ages speed their flight, meanwhile the saints in glory will move on, on a celestial bicycle which cannot stand still, but dashes on, bounding upward into loftier altitudes, broadening into grander latitudes, moving forward into more aggressive longitudes, and going down into the profounder depths of His wonderful and unsearchable divinity, while the ceaseless cycles of eternity speed their precipitous flight.

(n) Thus my preaching *ex necessitate* dug Campbellism out by the roots exposing the silly sophistry without mercy, the blessed Holy Spirit putting on them a nightmare conviction, so they, too, crowded my altars, prayed through, shouted the victory, and as a moral consequence they joined an orthodox church, where their Holy Ghost religion would be appreciated and encouraged. Consequently I pretty soon received a challenge from one of their old debaters, as they built up their kingdom by the sword of controversy which they flashed in the faces of all who denied that church-going and immersion made a Christian, the preachers afraid of them as they were so bold and aggressive, and many thought it was not religious to debate, making a great mistake, as you see Jesus, Paul, Peter, etc., were great debaters, making no compromise under any circumstances.

(h) As I had never attended a debate I did not

know how they should be run, and like others was afraid of them, yet was ready to die in my tracks rather than flicker an iota from the truth or fail in the discharge of my duty as God's faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, as He said to Ezekiel, third chapter, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman to the whole house of Israel," going on to state that if he flickered in the discharge of his duty they would die in their sins and He would require their blood at his hands, but if he told the whole truth and they did not receive it, they would die in their sins, but he had saved his soul.

I dreaded this debate, and treated his challenge reticently, moving on in the even tenor of my way and pressing the battle harder than ever.

(i) Soon I received another challenge, which I treated the same way; then in a few days, in the midst of a glorious revival thronged with multitudes day and night throughout the week as well as Sunday, when early in the morning while they were pouring in from every point of the compass, a man comes and tells me Brother Corn is in the crowd and wants you to preach from the conversion of Saul of Tarsus and show the difference between a Campbellite and a Methodist. When we ran through introductory songs and prayers and I took my stand to preach, I stated to the multitude the request I had received, and that I would comply with the request, the Lord helping, so I proceeded at once to preach on the conversion of Saul, certainly a grand theme for a revival. Then I proceeded to the second division,—i. e., observing the difference is

simply this, if a Methodist gets all he has contracted for and does not backslide, he is as sure of heaven as if he were in it; whereas if a Campbellite gets no more than his contract and stops there, abiding in his doctrine of reformation, confession, immersion, and the moral law, without the supernatural birth and entire sanctification in his heart by the Holy Ghost, he is as sure of hell as if he were in it, winding up with an altar call liberally responded to and souls praying through and shouting the victory; among the latter, a Campbellite sister, got wonderfully converted and shouted over the house, testifying that she had been deceived.

(j) When I was concluding the service the debater arose to his feet and asked permission to speak, which I granted, but he proceeded to say that I was preaching error and leading them astray and that he had sent me two challenges defying me to divide time with him and give him a chance to prove that I was preaching error. Then turning, appealingly to me personally, he said, "Brother Godbey, did you receive my challenges?" and I said, Yes, Brother Corn. Then he said, "Why did you not answer me," when I answered, Because I do not want to debate, but only to preach the Gospel, and get the people saved. Then he proceeded to say, "I now in the presence of this congregation renew all of my challenges and defy you to divide time with me and thus give me a chance to protect the people against the errors you are propagating, and I propose to prove by the Bible that you are preaching error through this country." I looked around on the crowd and said, Brethren, what shall I do? and they re-

sponded, "There is only one of two things you can do, and that is fight or run." Then I said, I choose the former, and as David said when Saul was after him, "God has taught my hands to war and my fingers to fight," so I will trust Him to teach me.

(k) Then and there to my deep regret I stopped that glorious revival and turned it into a debate, as you see constrained by the Campbellite preacher and corroborated by the people who were much interested in the revival, but thought we had better stop long enough to have the debate; at the same time suggesting that for the sake of room, we changed to a lovely beech grove in the neighborhood where the Baptists had recently held an association, supplying it with seats, and a pulpit still on the ground; taking an intermission of three days for publicity. I knew they were wrong, but as I had never attended a debate and did not know how it ran I prepared with great reluctance and went like a sheep to the slaughter. We used the whole day, intermitting the night for rest; meanwhile some of the preachers, as many were present, would identify the people. The opening audience at 9:30 a. m. was estimated at two thousand. The debate is recognized among the ethical sciences laid down in Hodge's logic. It runs very nicely, with perfect order; each contestant choosing a moderator, an elderly preacher of his own church to see that he got his rights, the two moderators choosing an umpire, generally a civil officer who takes charge of the debate and the congregation managing everything in perfect order.

(l) I found that I needed only half my time to

smash all of his silly water heresies into smithereens, exposing it as idolatry, as gross as the pagan worship of wood and stone gods, while the omnipotent Saviour needs no help to do His work. Thus having utterly refuted his speech in one-half my time, I had the other half to dispose of as He leadeth, and you may rest assured I used it, preaching Holy Ghost religion, like thunder-bolts and lightning-shafts and showing people clearly by the precious Word that if they did not get born from above (John 3:7) and sanctified (Heb. 12:14) they would never see the Lord.

(m) Though I dreaded the debate and went into it because as you see he hounded me down and publicly forced me to fight or run; yet by the time we got under headway I underwent a radical revolution, fell in love with debate, delighted in it, and do to this day, from the simple fact that everything likes to fight if it whips all the time, whereas if it gets whipped it dreads the fight. I must confess that I was utterably surprised to find him so easily whipped.

(n) It so happened there was a sale in a large rural mansion, in full view, the day after we began. Without a word being said to me, the debater at the close, late in the afternoon, standing on the rostrum said to the multitude, "You will all want to go to the sale tomorrow, and as we do not know how long it will go on, we have arranged for the resumption of the debate of which you will all be duly notified." That committee has never reported, and forty-six years have come and gone. The man who drove me into it has long been in his grave, though he was challenging all the

Holy Ghost preachers and running every one into debate he could, he never had another.

(o) It so happened in the providence of God that my conference that year made me presiding elder of my home district, which had been overrun with Campbellites who had run my preacher-father all his life, and done their best to run Holy Ghost preaching out of the country, claiming to be the only true people, denying the personality of the Holy Spirit, even in the pulpit making all manner of fun of experimental religion, and doing their best to get all the debates they could; building up their kingdom in that way. Therefore, I knew going on that district was entering a hornet's nest, and consequently I advertised in all the papers, religious and secular, my acceptance of all the challenges the Campbellites ever had made and ever would, which threw all the fat in the fire, raised my twenty counties on tiptoe, and they proceeded to arrange for debates in the county seats and other popular places.

(p) The debates ran eight days, 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 4 p. m., with introductory prayers, attended by vast crowds coming from far and near and listening spell-bound; meanwhile at night some of the many preachers in attendance would preach. They brought their champions from the ends of the earth feeling sure of victory as they claimed to be the only true people on the earth, and at the same time actual infidels on the Holy Ghost, the most dangerous infidelity in the world, as it normally leads its votaries to commit the unpardonable sin; as our Saviour says in Matthew

12:31-32, they that sin against the Father and Son shall be forgiven, but the blasphemy of the Holy Spirit, shall never be forgiven in the present age nor the future,—i. e., the Millennium, the last age of the world, consummating the Messianic restitution of the earth back to her unfallen Edenic state, as for this our Saviour came into the world, (1 John 1:8) "The Son of man was made manifest to destroy the works of the devil," which is not only sin in all its forms and phases, but the normal effect of sin,—i. e., mortality, sickness, and death of the human body, which will be swallowed up in victory, (1 Cor. 18) "When this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruption put on incorruption; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed in a moment in the twinkling of an eye."

(q) There is only one God and three persons, Father, Son, and Spirit; the personal Father sitting on the throne of the universe while 200,000,000 suns, attended by 2,170,000,000 worlds, already discovered by astronomers revolving around the effulgent throne, responsively to His bidding, while all astronomers give it as their own opinion that all this paradoxical retinue of worlds constitutes but the suburbs of the celestial universe, as all the telescopes ranging the fenceless fields of ethereal space are lost in the infinitude of nebulae, believed to be suns to other systems, so infinitely distant as to be unindividualizable by the most powerful telescopes. Oh the significance of our Saviour's words (John 9:18), responsively to their fanatical persecutions which they waged against Him all his life, charging Him with violating the Sabbath,

H. N.—7

because He did His works of mercy, "My Father worketh and I work" (throughout the Sabbaths) as it was then the Sabbath day (and He uses the present tense of the verb); meanwhile the personal Son sits at His right hand and intercedes for this lost world, while responsively to the prayers of the saints in every land and clime the Father sends down the personal Holy Ghost, His own Spirit (Acts 5:1-9), and the Son does the same (Acts 16:6-7), thus showing the mysterious unity of the blessed trinity in the Holy Ghost, as God is pure spirituality, and the Spirit, the third Person of the Trinity the only divine personality on the earth, hence we see the admissibility of the sin against the Holy Ghost, as none of us can reach the person of the Father, countless millions of miles distant, on His effulgent throne in the primal center of the celestial universe and equally true in reference to the personal Son, interceding at His right hand; (r) whereas the personal Holy Ghost is omnipresent and consequently available with every human spirit this side the pandemonium, and the only divine personality any of us can reach. Consequently, if we treat Him with contempt,—i. e., ignore and depreciate His personal office and ministry, we verify that mournful affirmation of the poet,

"There is a time—we know not when, a point—we
know not where,
Which marks the destinies of men, to glory or despair;
There is a line by us unseen, that crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between God's mercy and His
wrath."

This blasphemy,—i. e., contemptuous treatment of the Holy Ghost, ignoring and rejecting His official work, convicting the sinner, regenerating the penitent, reclaiming the backslider, and sanctifying the believer is certified by our loving Saviour in the above scripture, never forgiven in this age or the age to come, and consequently the sin we must all sedulously avoid, or irretrievably lose our souls.

(s) Those people in their regular ministry normally tend to lead the people to commit the unpardonable sin, a fearful and appalling reality, appertaining to which we dare not keep silent, as in that case we are responsible for their blood (Ezek. 3), which I hope you will read carefully and prayerfully as you see there that if we do not tell the whole truth, by which they are saved, sanctified, and panoplied, God says they will perish in their sins and He will require their blood at our hands. Therefore, we must cry aloud and spare not if we would save our own souls as well as those of the people all around us under our influence and for whom God will hold us responsible on the Judgment Day. The sad and candid truth is that if you take out of Campbellism their infidelity on the Holy Ghost, which is so awfully fraught with damnation, and their idolatry on immersion, you actually have nothing left, which you, without a "Philadelphia lawyer" to help you, can ever find.

(t) In the debates their arguments all cluster around and radiate from immersionism, which is not in the Bible. Consequently their great champions started out affirming, "Christian baptism is immersion," and

when I demanded of them to find it in the Bible, and as I now am the author of 230 books (not so many then, but quite a lot), I challenged the whole multitude to find a trace or track of immersion in the Bible and I would remunerate them with a donation of all my books. Their signal failures to do it, I exposed to the spell-bound throng, constantly hanging on our lips, so anxious to know the truth till I became quite a sensation with all the people, who knew I was right, as we have no business tinkering with anything that is not in the Bible, our only authority, by which we are saved, sanctified, panoplied, and will be judged when the world is on fire. Their signal breakdown and notorious failure to find a trace or a track of their water-god in the Bible, superinduced a clamor from their own side of the house, their champion preachers, responding to the inquiring multitude, "That fellow is powerful on the negative, but let him take the affirmative as we have done, and he will find trouble by wholesale." To these clamors, I responded, I much preferred the affirmation, because a man who has the truth can afford to affirm it anywhere. Then they changed the proposition, myself permitting them to formulate it at their own option, "Christian Baptism is effusion;" thus putting me in the affirmative and them in the negative, when they made a worse breakdown than before.

(u) I proceeded, Christian Baptism simply means the baptism which Christ administers, as you all know, with the Holy Ghost and fire, as He never did baptize any one with water. Now what is the mode of that baptism? Are we plunged into the fire? No, unless

we foolishly fight salvation and the devil gets us, when we will all be immersed in the burning lake. But you see (Acts 2), when Jesus baptized the 120, the Holy Ghost fell on them in a flaming fire, burning up all their inbred sin and sanctifying them for heaven. Hence we are all certain to receive the sanctifying fires of the Holy Ghost, falling from heaven on our souls in sin-consuming flames, or we will be immersed in hell-fire, which has no power to take away sin, but actually burns the immortal soul forever; (v) as the baptism of Jesus, the Bible superaboundingly reveals is by effusion, the great commission (Ezek. 36:25), "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh," thus abundantly revealing the two works of grace wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, the supernatural birth for the sinner and entire sanctification for the Christian, both given twice in the commission, to preclude the possibility of all mistakes, and beautifully typified by sprinkling clean water on the subject of ceremonial defilement, which is every human being born into the world, by heredity from fallen Adam our federal head, defiled by sin (Ps. 51:5).

"Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
Born unholy and unclean;
Sprang from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and ruins all."

(Of course there is no modal difference between pouring and sprinkling, which are symbolically identical).

(w) The world-wide literature confirms the modal identity of type and antitype; the former in all the printing presses, and the latter in the shiploads of books which float over the whole world; the type and the books literally in the same shape as a matter of necessity which proves the orthodoxy of affusion as the Bible mode of water baptism from the simple fact that it is nothing within itself but a type revealing the grand and glorious antitype (1 Pet. 3:21), "The antitype baptism which doth now save us, not putting away the filth of the flesh,"—i. e., water baptism, "which does remove ceremonial defilement, but the seeking of a good conscience through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath ascended up to heaven, angels, principalities, and powers subordinated unto Him." In this beautiful and irrefutable passage revealing the mode of baptism, we have the positive affirmation of the senior apostle inspired by the Holy Ghost, certifying that the antitype baptism which Jesus gives is the only one (Eph. 4:5) in the plan of salvation, while the symbolic ordinance, beautifully and lucidly typifies it, absolutely excluding immersion from the field, which can not possibly typify the descension of the Holy Ghost down from heaven on the human spirit, who felicitously eliminates the depravity which Satan imparted to father Adam and we have all received by heredity, and God has decreed that if we do not get rid of it we shall never see His face (Heb. 12:14).

(x) The Christian father Origen, a preacher of the

Gospel in happy succession of his father and grandfather, all Greek philosophers, converted to Christianity and turned preachers, and all of them suffered martyrdom; was the first man to ever write commentaries on the Bible, which I have in his native Greek; in which, expounding the pouring of the water on the altar on Mt. Carmel by Elijah the prophet (1 Kings 18) in order to show the people that there was no concealed fire and thus triumphantly refute the prophets of Baal by the descension of the fire on the sacrifice, which proved a wonderful and decisive victory, he uses the word *baptizo*, the regular word for water baptism throughout the Bible, thus demonstrating the falsity of the immersion dogma, that Christian baptism can only be received by immersion. I have often looked on this holy mountain, ten miles long and four miles wide, and climbed it, walking in the footprints of Elijah and Elisha to whose ministry it was sacred.

(y) You remember this was at the close of a drought of three and one-half years, when it would have taken Noah's flood to have immersed that altar on that lofty summit. This is an absolutely unanswerable argument, as Origen was a native Greek, a great scholar, and understood his language. The immersion arguments are all superficial, unsubstantial, untenable, and untrue. Let us look at them a moment: In my boyhood when I heard them preach so much, they were always saying, "Into the water and out of the water," which is nowhere found in the Bible, but was put in by King James's translators, who did their

work more than four hundred years ago, when the fogs of the Dark Ages which had wrapped the world for a thousand years, meanwhile not one man in a thousand nor one woman in twenty thousand could read, when all sorts of superstitions crept into the church; immersion having been brought in by the heathen under the reign of Constantine, who did his best to get them all to join the Christian church; (z) Arius, who in the second century denied the divinity of Christ, thus bringing in that horrific, hell-hatched heresy which racked the Church through the ages, and the Trinitarians so anxious to refute it, and save the people, as they could not read, adopted trine immersion in order to refute that awful heresy, taking the people in a state of utter nudity, dipping the subject right side downward in the name of the Father; then lifting him up, turning him left side downward, immersing him in the name of the Son; then lifting him up, turning him face foremost, immersing him in the name of the Holy Ghost; all the translators having received it in that way, and consequently having water on the brain, as I did seventy-eight years ago when I made a Methodist preacher put me in over my head, because I was deeply convicted for sanctification and had no witnesses to instruct me at that day. Then I was so disappointed, finding the change only from dry to wet, and consequently howled in the wilderness nineteen years, when the Lord in His condescending mercy, baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, thus winding it all up, and giving me the shine, shout, and

leap, getting better ever since and making me young when old.

(a) As the translators had the water on the brain, and though they immersed them, no scholarship at that day giving the light which now crowns the present age, and so they put it down, "Into water and out," whereas there is nothing of it in the beautiful Greek, which I read as easily and rapidly as you do the plainest English and have used nothing else in forty years, which simply says, *to* the water and *from* the water. As Philip and the eunuch is the strongest passage used by immersionists (Acts 8), I will expound it briefly, which will suffice for all other cases of baptism in the New Testament, where it is utterly impossible to prove that they ever went into the water and came out in any of those cases. Where it says, "Jesus came up straightway out of the water," Matthew uses *apo* which does not mean *out of* at all, but simply *from*,—i. e., stating the fact that when John the Baptist inaugurated Jesus into His official Messiahship by baptism, He straightway left him, led away by the Spirit into the wilderness to be *tempted* by the devil. Besides, the statuary shows Jesus standing and John pouring the water upon His head, which I have often seen, and Jesus repeatedly referred His critics to John's baptism which gave him authority to cleanse the Temple and exercise other official prerogatives belonging to the high priest, hence it was His anointing for the high priesthood, just as Moses poured the oil on Aaron's head when he anointed him, John poured the water on the head of his

Lord, as you can see brilliantly in statuary if you will go into that country.

(b) I have eight times been where Philip baptized the eunuch, a water spout about the size of my thumb leaping from a rock on the left side of the road on the summit of a mountain range running from Jerusalem south toward Gaza, as the Word tells us. Every time I ever saw it, I recognized it a great way off by a group of women standing around, each waiting her turn to hold her waterpot, an earthen vessel jugshape, under the spout until it ran full. On my second tour (the Lord having permitted me four times to visit that country, living in Jerusalem and traveling all around exploring it, in the interest of His kingdom), I was accompanied by Brother Hill, my son-in-law, and J.A. Payne of Meridian, California, holiness preachers, and on arrival, as I had visited it twice on my preceding tour, I stayed in the carriage, and leaping out they ran to it, caught water and drank (as it is of tip-top quality, and on those mountains water is scarce anyhow).

(c) As there is a puddle around it about ten feet in diameter, superinduced by waste water falling when changing vessels, and the women standing in it, I saw them both go down to the water and come up out of the water just as the E. V. say, and asked them if they got their feet wet and they both said, "No," whereas they had nothing but common shoes on their feet, this showing that this statement on which water-log preachers claim to prove immersion actually does no such thing (Matt. 17). You see Jesus and Peter dunned for their annual assessment, demanded of every Jew for

the support of the Temple, the *didrachma*, a coin of thirty cents, when Jesus told him to run down to the sea, toss in a hook, lift up the first fish that bites, examine in its mouth, and he would find a *stater*,—i. e., a coin of sixty cents, bring it back and pay them off. Do you believe that Peter waded into the sea waist deep to catch that fish with hook and line? You know he did not, when he could catch it just as well standing on the bank or on a rock projecting out over the sea, as many do at that place, as I have seen with my own eyes, and none but an idiot would have waded in.

(d) Why do I give this citation? because the very same word *poreue*, *go*, and *eis* which means *into*, *to*, *toward* and *at*, is used in reference to Philip and the eunuch going to the water for baptism, therefore, if you do not believe Peter waded into the sea waist deep to catch the fish with hook and line rest assured the scripture does not warrant the conclusion they waded in for the baptism; especially as there is no immersion water there at all and there is no stream that runs away as the people catch it all and use it; no river nearer than the Jordan, seventy miles, the Great Sea, forty miles west, and the Dead Sea, thirty miles east, down the mountains all the way, and no room for a river.

(e) Besides, Philip had "sprinkle" in his text used for "baptism" and had preached it to the eunuch, so he called his attention to the water, using the interjection *idou*, "behold water;" whereas if there had been enough for immersion Philip would have seen it without having his attention called to it. When he overtook the chariot the eunuch was reading near the be-

ginning of Isaiah, 53d chapter, whereas the last verse of the preceding chapter, directly under his eye and doubtless he had read it, "So shall He sprinkle many nations," referring to Christ evangelizing the whole world and having them baptized by His preachers. (N. B. The eunuch was reading the Greek Septuagint translation of the Old Testament which had no division into chapters). Therefore, you see all the facts, and force the conclusion that he baptized him as all the prophets from the day of Moses, (1 Corinthians 10) "All were baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," and Psalm 77 tells how it was done, as they passed through the sea, "the clouds poured forth water." You may rest assured every other passage is as alien from immersion and harmonizable with effusion, the Bible mode in all ages, as the case we have expounded, consequently we proceed to consider the clamor they are always raising—for more water.

(f) Nicodemus (John 3:5) thought our Saviour meant something to be done to the body, but He corrected him on the spot, "That which is generated of depravity, is depravity, and that which is generated of spirit, is spirit," thus showing the pure spirituality of the transaction and that the body had nothing to do with it, reaching the glorious conclusion (verse 7), "Ye must be born from above," not "again" as E. V., which is an error taken by the translators from the Latin with which they were so much more familiar than the Greek, which was almost lost out of the world during the Dark Ages. The Greek word here is *anóthen*, which does not mean "again," and has no

other meaning but "from above," as our Saviour told him that he had to receive a birth which this world could not give him, and it must come down from God out of heaven.

(g) Proceeding to verse 8, "The spirit breathes on whom he will; thou hearest His voice, but can not tell whence He cometh nor wither He goeth, even so is every one who is born from above." Your book has wind, which has no business in it as *pneumo* has no other meaning but spirit, and it is so beautiful the way the Saviour gives it, as when the Spirit breathes on you, raising your dead soul into life, no one knows His movements, whom he converted just before you and who will be the next one. Thus our Saviour not only corrected Nicodemus, but actually castigated him for the serious mistake he made as he was a teacher in Israel and should have known better.

(h) Go on into the next chapter (no division into chapters was made by the inspired writers, as that was the work of the London printers, A. D. 1611, as a matter of their own convenience in handling the Bible, and consequently in the study of the precious word, we should give no attention to chapters and verses, but go ahead without a break, led by the Spirit) and you at once run into His wonderful sermon to the woman at the well, in which He mentions water four times, against only once to Nicodemus, and she naturally concluded that he meant the water in Jacob's well, for whose extraordinary quality she had come a mile, and He positively corrected her mistake, telling her twice over that he did not mean the water in that well, in

reference to which she reminded him that it was deep (ninety feet) and He had no windlass, when He thus with burning emphasis twice told her that He had no allusion to the water in the well, but "Living Water." What is the living water? Every intelligent Bible reader will tell you that Jesus himself is the Living Water as you see so brilliantly symbolized when the people were famishing with thirst and Moses smote the rock, which also means God in both Testaments, and a copious supply of water leaping out followed them, as the word says, the forty years in the wilderness, and as you read, "That rock was Christ."

(i) Therefore, everywhere they pitched their tents they had nothing to do but to go down in the sand a little and find plenty of water, so beautifully symbolizing the Saviour of the world, the only Living Water. Read Isaiah 55th chapter. It begins, "Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, drink and live;" every Bible reader then and through the ages knowing that he was calling the people to the God of Israel for salvation. The woman responds to Him, "We know Messiah cometh who will teach us all things," when He told her outright that she was talking to Him and proceeded at once to give the straight Gospel of salvation, giving you and me and all His disciples an example, diligently to follow in all our preaching, and that is always to shoot to kill, pointing this wonderful Gospel gun directly at the heart and pulling the trigger, fearlessly of men and devils, like the Syrian soldier at the battle of Ramoth-Gilead who drew his bow at a venture, as King Ahab had disguised himself as a

common soldier, so they could not identify him and they did not see him, but God directed the arrow. "Whizz" it went and though he was invested from top to toe with impregnable panoply, a joint just moved enough to let the arrow in and slay the great upholder of idolatry in Israel.

(j) Jesus says to her, "Go call your husband," knowing she had none, and was a poor prostitute, but did it to convict her of her besetting sin, when she answered, "I have no husband," and He said, "You have well said you have none; he whom you now have is your fifth and not your husband;" and thus by His straight, unmistakable preaching, unveiling her lost soul to her own quickened recognition, superinducing a bottom-rock conviction and repentance which never fails even with the chief of sinners; thus so bringing her to repentance, that she did what every other sinner must do, cried for mercy and accepted the situation with a glad heart, like every sinner in all ages who goes down to the bottom, radically repents, flies to God for His pardoning mercy in Christ, so you see that she went for the Living Water when she saw her ruined state and the omnipotent Christ there ready and waiting to save her soul with the power of an endless life; and as the normal consequence in every case (John 6:37) got wonderfully saved; so forgetting the water for which she had traveled two miles, and leaving the vessels she had brought to carry it in, for the next thief to capture, she darted away at race-horse speed, shouting, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men;" rushing into the city, preaching on the

dead, and then buried into the death of Christ,—i. e., the atonement, the

“Fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

“Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

“Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I’ll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.”

(n) These scriptures clearly, unequivocally, and unmistakably reveal that the “old man,” the body of sin, depravity, devil nature, the carnal mind, hereditary in every human heart must be crucified,—i. e., killed. If Jesus and His apostles had lived in the Anglo-Saxon age, they would all have been hung; but the Romans had no such punishment, as their method was crucifixion. (o) That is the reason why we have the crucifixion of the sin personality in every human heart held up as an absolute *sine qua non* of admission into heaven; positively revealing and irrefutably confirming the absolute, foregone conclusion that none but disciples of Christ will enter heaven, and that disciple-

ship not only involves the radical repentance which leaves sin forever, giving it all back to Satan where it belongs, and receiving a new heart,—i. e., the new man created in the heart by the Holy Ghost in regeneration, all this involved in the commandment, take up your cross and follow Jesus; yet that stupendous work proves a failure if you do not die on the cross in the succession of Jesus, who died for the sins of the whole world; whereas in our discipleship, the old man, the sin personality, the body of sin (Rom. 6:6), is actually crucified till he is dead, world without end, the burial homogeneously following, the pertinency of all dead bodies, this *old man of sin* thus finding an interment in the death of Christ, the great, vicarious, substitutionary atonement, amply capacious for the interment of every sin personality in fallen Adam's innumerable race, (p) whereas the sin personality which is not crucified and none but the omnipotent Christ can perform that momentous work, His universal, normal office, as preached by John the Baptist, "He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire;" this baptism crucifying the old man, destroying the body of sin (verse 6) and burying him in the atonement (verse 5) so deep, Satan's resurrection trumpet will never reach him in all the lapse of endless ages, meanwhile the triumphant soul, saved to the uttermost (Heb. 7:25) and sanctified (1 Thes. 5:23) will shine and shout among the angels, winging its flight from world to world on missions of love and mercy, infinitely delighted to do God's will along with the unfallen angels.

(q) Lucifer, before he fell, enjoyed that honorary

name, light-bearer, because of his transcendent spiritual glory and intellectual brilliancy. In his fall, his glory utterly evanesced and his intellectual power suffered serious detriment, so you see him in a hand to hand fight (Jude 9) over the body of Moses get an awful whipping; yet he still has wonderful intellectual power, whereas on the line of chicanery, craft, trickery, strategy, and carnal generalship, he is actually transcendent; as we see superaboundingly demonstrated in his manipulations of his false prophets, traversing the whole country and humbugging the people with the substitution of their mortal body, full of life and vigor, buried in water,—i. e., a greased plank to hell over which multitudes are sliding down, instead of preaching our omnipotent Christ who is ready and waiting as His forerunner constantly and vehemently preached, that He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire, the only baptism in the plan of salvation of which the little sprinkle (Ezek. 36:25; Isaiah 52:15; Heb. 9:19) is a beautiful symbol.

(r) We have two great objections to immersion which you will have if you read your Bible on your knees praying God to give you light, the one is its utter absence from the Bible, our only authority, and we have no business running after anything else, while the other is its magnitude, so great, going in all over, that it gives the devil a chance to humbug you with the delusion that it is just what Campbellite preachers and Mormon prophets are telling everybody, the only baptism in the Bible and absolutely essential to salvation, which is true of the baptism that Jesus gives with

the Holy Ghost and fire, whereas the symbolic ordinance has no more to do with it than my picture has to do with the beating of my heart and my life on the earth. The little sprinkle in the Bible is materialistically so insignificant as to beggar the efforts of Satan's preachers to make it a substitute for the one indispensable baptism which Jesus alone can give (Eph. 4:5). Hence you see the grand open door for God's preachers to run to the ends of the earth preaching the omnipotent Saviour, the only name given under heaven among men by whom we may be saved (Acts 4:12), and thus heroically fortify the pell-mell multitudes against the wholesale delusions of Satan's false prophets, humbugging them from every point of the compass into some vain delusion that will dodge the stern reality, "Ye must be born from above" (John 3:7), and, "Without holiness no one shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14), that holiness superinduced in no possible way but by the crucifixion of the old man and the destruction of the sin personality (Rom. 6:6) which our blessed, omnipotent Christ alone can administer, and never fails when the soul leaves the devil, fully consecrates to God, and trusts the Conqueror of Mt. Calvary to administer the Pentecostal baptism which crucifies the old man, and buries him into the death of Christ, world without end (Rom. 6:5).

(s) When the Lord sanctified me, all the Campbellites were constantly challenging me for a debate and actually drove me into it with whip and lash, but actually got weaker till ten years rolled away and neither I nor anybody else that preaches the truth as I do,

could get a debate with them; but radically revolutionizing them, throwing out the white flag and only asking to be let alone and have since everywhere been at the battery, diametrically antipodal to the universal beligerent economy by which they built up their Church.

(t) The Seventh-Day Adventists have no antiquity and are but of yesterday, yet spreading rapidly throughout the whole world, adroitly using their *day* argument to make all their enlistments, at the same time preaching awful infidelity, even denying the soul's immortality. About the time my ten years' war with Campbellites wound up, for the good reason that they all retreated from the field, and I would be so glad if they would come back, as multitudes will come to a debate who would not otherwise give me a chance to preach the Gospel to them, and consequently we enjoy a grand open door to refute error and preach the Gospel, when the enemy will meet us on the open field.

(u) About this time a shrewd New Yorker more than forty years ago dropped down in central Kentucky at a cross-road, where there was a church built by Methodists and Campbellites in partnership, and powerfully preaching his day doctrine, manipulated to launch a church and take in the big end of both of those denominations; moving on heroically and launching other churches round about, electrified with the new doctrine; the people everywhere giving him fine audiences, meanwhile he boldly told them that Saturday is the right day and challenged contradiction; all the preachers declining to meet him as he was a fluent speaker and had all his doctrines at his tongue's

end, eventually they wrote to me 150 miles away, asking if I would meet him in debate. I answered in the affirmative.

(v) As they had but recently launched their bark and were unknown, I went down to Cincinnati and hunted up their books and posted myself finding that they were infidels on spirituality, not so much as believing in the soul's immortality, hell, or heaven, with the exception of this earth in the final restitution when it will be regenerated with the Millennial ingress, sanctified with the egress, re-annexed to heaven, and in the grand finale the happy inheritance of the saints (Matt. 5:5), he had captured the people by preaching the beautiful truths appertaining to the restoration and celestialization, all the time locking in his favorite dogma on the restoration of the Mosaic Sabbath and keeping his awful heresies *subrosa*,—i. e., in strict confidence, or hidden from view. On arrival, I found him utterly unwilling to defend his dangerous heresies to which he never consented till I told him that I would expose them, when he concluded he had better defend them. Then we opened the debate running all day with a flooded audience, (w) myself affirming the soul's immortality and he denying that we have any soul separate from the body, and at the same time preaching the annihilation of the wicked. As we moved on, the fire fell on us and we got into close quarters; the people were astounded to hear him deny the soul's immortality, deny the existence of heaven, hell, and preach the annihilation of the wicked.

(x) In a debate, each contestant selects a moderator

to see that he gets his rights and the two moderators an umpire not identified with either of the churches in the controversy and generally a civil officer of some kind or a lawyer. I selected an old Methodist preacher, and as he had no preacher there, as his work was utterly new, he put his hand on the old Methodist class leader, then one of his members as he had taken in the majority of them as well as the Campbellites.

(y) We opened Tuesday morning and were to use five days closing Saturday evening. We used two days on the soul's immortality, meanwhile the Lord used your humble servant to show up that fundamental Bible truth so lucidly that none could fail to see it, meanwhile I showed them clearly how they had been captured by an infidel. In debate, we were accustomed to affirm and deny alternately, therefore, it was his time to affirm the second proposition and I constrained him to give us his doctrine on spirituality. Wherefore, he moved out with his affirmation, "The new birth (John 3:5) will take place on the resurrection morning," proceeding to establish their doctrine that you have no soul, except the life of the body, and it will sleep in the grave till the resurrection morning, when the saints shall rise and live on this earth, meanwhile the wicked will never rise, but evanesce into annihilation which means to become nothing, *nihil* is a Latin word which means nothing.

(z) As I showed up from the Bible the grand truth that man is not a mortal body, but an immortal spirit, dwelling in this body till physical death, and then going to the heaven of the righteous or the hell of the

wicked and faithfully warned them against the dangerous infidelity to which they were then listening, eloquently dispensed by the new preacher who had so successfully captured them; meanwhile he complained pitifully and appealed to the people for their sympathies telling them that I was treating him badly and should not be so hard on him; (a) when I responded, telling him how he had been challenging all the preachers and had thus brought on the debate and he could blame no one but himself, and as for mercy, it was too late, as he had already gone into the fight and need not expect to get out with his head, as it was wrong and should be cut off with the sword of the Spirit (Heb. 4:12) I was then wielding and God would not let me spare him; (b) meanwhile proceeding to quote the second epistle of John, "Brethren if any one comes to you and does not bring their doctrine,"—i. e., salvation by grace, the soul's immortality, heaven for the righteous and hell for the wicked; "do not receive him into your houses nor bid him God-speed, as in so doing you become partakers in his evil deeds." Then I made an awful appeal to them personally, as I was once pastor of that church and knew them all well, saying to them, "This thing is not over, God will help me on the Judgment Day to testify against you people. "This man came to you a total stranger from a distant land, and at the same time an infidel so gross that he does not believe in the soul's immortality, worse than the heathens who all believe it, and you have received him into your houses and bid him God-speed." At that moment his moderator, the old class-leader who had been

dying by inches, as I could see his awful agony as I dispensed the plain Bible truth and exposed the awful heresies of my opponent, actually roars aloud, "Brethren, I can stand this thing no longer, I have been deceived and led astray and you must pray for me;" falling on his knees, his tears copiously flowing and others under the same awful conviction falling on the floor, the fire descending from heaven, a spirit of fervent prayer coming on the people, the interest increasing, grace prevailing, the Holy Spirit having his way, culminating in a grand and glorious altar service; the debate actually somersaulting into a glorious revival.

(c) The people dropped him like a hot potato, without a single exception, even his other little churches which he had started, and they were also in the debate, all dropping him so that he left the country; his members whom he had taken from the Methodists, of course, taking their places; so much fire falling that it burnt up the Campbellite water, so they turned Methodists, whereas when we began to debate with three churches organized in that house, the Seventh-Day Adventists the largest of all, it wound up with a glorious revival and only one church, and that the Methodist, and it so remains to this day, as I am well acquainted in all that region; my dear wife having been born and reared within seven miles and in the providence of God, when her father got old, we went thither to take care of him, who in a few years went to heaven, leaving his home to my better-half so that we lived there till she went to heaven, December 2, 1915, and I

do not believe there is a Seventh-Day Adventist in twenty-five miles thus showing how wonderfully God will use his own truth when we obey His word: "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" (Jude 5), the word used by the Holy Ghost *agonidzesthe*, from *agono*, the arena in the coliseum in Rome, the largest theater in the world, containing 100,000 spectators to see the gladiators fight as they did with all their might till one or both expired; (d) thus pouring out their money to satisfy their cruel curiosity, looking on the bloody tragedy of those hungry wild beasts, voraciously devouring the Lord's saints, which actually continued 254 years when the conversion of the Emperor Constantine not only stopped it all, but promoted the Christians to the head of the Government as they were the best friends he had; antecedently to this awful river of sacred blood, inaugurated by Nero, A. D. 68, charging them with the conflagration of Rome, from the early history of Roman dominion they had been entertained by the gladiators,—i. e., prize fighters, who of course, fought for their lives with all the power of body, soul, and spirit; the Apostle Jude using the very word which reveals their fight for life to tell you and me how to preach the Gospel, fearless of men and devils as Isaiah says, "Cry aloud, and spare not;" exposing every heresy without distinction or mercy.

(e) That is the reason why Jesus forbade His own disciples to preach under the Pentecostal dispensation till they received the sanctifying baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, giving them a clean heart and filling

them with perfect love which casts out fear (1 John 4:18). Oh, how terrifically is Christendom cursed with false prophets, utterly incompetent to preach the Gospel which is the "dynamite of God, and salvation to everyone who believeth;"—i. e., that unseen power which blows the devil out of sinners and depravity,—i. e., devil nature, out of Christians, thus preparing fallen humanity for celestial glory, as these Satanic preachers have never experienced the dynamite of regeneration and sanctification, they are utterly incompetent to preach it to others.

(f) The reason I am here in this Bible School is because I have access to from two hundred to three hundred of the Lord's juveniles preparing to preach the everlasting Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and I am so delightful to teach them the Bible in the beautiful Greek and Hebrew which God spoke to our ancestors and inspired the prophets and apostles to not only heroically preach in their day and generation, but to write the blessed Bible, by which alone, we are saved, sanctified, fed, and panoplied and will be judged in the Great Day. Therefore, the preaching which is not sky-blue regeneration for the sinner and sunburst sanctification for the Christian is Satan's pseudo-gospel, for the delusion and damnation of the multiplied millions, side-tracked by his wily emissaries.

(g) Among the heresies born but yesterday and now spanning the world is Christian Science, so seductive because all want to be Christians and scientific,—i. e., in harmony with science, which simply means the

exegesis of God in nature, collateral with Christianity, which is the grace of God, pertinent to make us true disciples of Christ and consequently the only possible way to heaven; yet with this grand flourish of Gospel trumpets roaring around the world, the double cognomen, it simply has no truth in it and never had, because it is neither Christian nor science; as a Christian is a soul saved by Christ, utterly alien to their bogus theology, and while science of humanity is trichotomy (1 Thes. 5:23), "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly and I pray God that your whole spirit, soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; faithful is he who called you who also will do it." Here we see in the beautiful, inspired Pauline theology, the trinity of man; whereas these people are dichotomists,—i. e., preaching that man is a duality consisting of mind and body, instead of a trinity as you see in the above scripture and many others, consisting of spirit, soul, and body. The result is they dehumanize man and give him a place in the animal creation. When God created him He made him like the animal creation, having mind and body; but afterward breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul; thus imparting unto him the *pneuma* in addition to the *psyche* and the *sooma* he already had, thus making him a trinity, similitudinous to God and infinitely above the animal creation. As religion is all spirituality and they reject the *pneuma* (spirit) altogether, you see their whole system is destitute of spirituality and consequently not akin to Christianity, but a system of metaphysical

philosophy without a cintilla of salvation. How do they get so many people healed? It is a notorious fact that they do not claim divine healing, but call it "mind cure," thus availing themselves of a law in the natural world which God made and is true and all right,—i. e., the pre-eminence of mind over matter. I got healed that way before Mrs. Eddy was born or ever dreamed of the institution she launched.

(h) It is so revealed in nature, that the heathens of all ages and nations have practiced it, calling the pow-wow and his musicians to come and dance responsively to their music and resort to all devices in the way of excitement, thus claiming to charm the disease away, hopping, yelling, roaring, and leaping round the patient till the excitement strikes him, and responsively to their hortatory appeals he leaps from his bed, joins the revelers, and claims healing. They do not get everybody healed and would so much better take the Bible and turn over their patients to the Lord whose omnipotence never fails.

SECTION II—MY AUTHORSHIP

When the Lord sanctified me fifty years ago, making me a fiery cyclone, so I had glorious sweeping revivals everywhere, I found it absolutely necessary to furnish my converts something to read to feed their souls, as all sinners are dead and consequently can not eat anything, but consequently, when regeneration quickens them into life they have to eat or they will starve to death; whereas, sanctification, which I was

then preaching with all my might to every Christian (and they were all going for it) gives perfect health, making us gluttons and drunkards, feasting on the fatted calf in the center of our Father's table surrounded by all the good things of the kingdom, so we go for a Benjamin's mess and always have it. Meanwhile the new wine Jesus made at the marriage feast is ruby-bright and sparkling, and such is the temptation that we give way to our voracious appetite, eat to gluttony and drink to drunkenness. I got on a spree fifty years ago and have never become sober, but actually am getting drunker and more gluttonous as the fleeting years come and go and I now stand on Pisgah's pinnacle and with the telescope of faith viewing the Promised Land,—i. e., the glorious antitype so brilliantly symbolized by the typical Canaan, flowing with milk and honey and abounding in corn and wine. Consequently, I loaded myself with the old Methodist books and with them A. B. Earl's *Rest of Faith* for all the Baptists, and *Christian Secret of a Happy Life* for Presbyterians and Quakers, being then as heavily burdened with other people's books as I am now with my own, which were to me a wonderful surprise, because I am already author of two hundred and thirty. The Lord has given me one hundred and ninety more whose names I have written on the blank borders of my Greek Testament, and if He keeps me here long enough (d. v.) I will dictate them to an amanuensis, as I do all of my writing in that way, never dreaming of writing a book, from the simple fact that I did not think I had sense enough.

Eventually, the people appealed to me, stating, "Brother Godbey, we so much enjoy the books you have been furnishing us, but since you make the blessed truth so much plainer than these books, we want you to write for us."

(i) Of course I could not resist these importunate appeals from my members, and consequently acquiesced, thinking they would be circulated only throughout my little field of labor, not dreaming that I was to receive the world for my circuit. But in 1884 the presiding bishop actually made me connectional evangelist, thus giving me the whole world which I have served a third of a century, making four journeys around the historic world and crossing the continent immemorially, preaching in the great mission fields, and girdling the globe as well as the home lands.

(j) My first book was *Baptism* given by our Saviour with the Holy Ghost and fire also thoroughly elucidating the symbolic ordinance and showing most irrefutably its utter nonessentiality to salvation, so eminently needed among the water-logged people to whom it was my lot to preach, who had been so awfully sidetracked by Campbellites. When it came out, Dr. Watson pronounced it all lightning without taking time to thunder, and to my astonishment it went on the wings of the wind to every point of the compass, reciprocated by shouts of victory everywhere.

(k) The holiness wave was then rolling from ocean to ocean, and though as old as the Bible, was pronounced by the people a new doctrine, thus throwing open wide the door with the vociferous demand for

my next book, *Sanctification*, which received a quick and extensive circulation; it was followed quickly by my *Christian Perfection*, which the Lord marvelously used. While pioneering the movement through the great Lone Star State, amid universal opposition, the preachers anathematizing it as Northern fanaticism, all the churches of Hillsboro, the County Seat of Hill, which had sprung up like a mushroom in the night where the great trunk lines crossed, when I was within forty miles, held a union meeting, resolving to keep me out of the city. The Methodist pastor so curious to see for himself, mounted the train and came to my meeting; the fire falling all around soon struck him and like others he prayed through and shouted the victory.

(l) Two days elapsed and he said to me, "Brother Godbey, I cannot go back to Hillsboro alone, as everything there is against me; and you, in the providence of God, have been instrumental in my disharmonization, so you will have to go with me." I responded, "I cannot reach you soon as I am so crowded." He said, "I have had this matter before God who tells me that you are going with me." Then I knew God was in it and acquiesced, changing my program and sending an appointment to begin at Hillsboro.

(m) At our first meeting at night I had preached and also the ensuing morning, as I was very hardy and used all the time. But he came to me at the dinner table, weeping and stating that his board had summoned him to meet them and were going to close me out of the church. I was then an old presiding elder, and

knew the law of the church, which gives the pastor full control until the conference moves him. So I told him to meet his board, read the law to them, and simply state, "Brother Godbey has no meeting in our church; it is mine, and he is simply my helper and if you close the doors, you will lock out your own pastor in positive violation of the law for which I will prosecute you in the next conference for maladministration."

(n) They saw that he had them and at once telegraphed to the notorious anti-holiness presiding elder at Cleburne, Texas, to come at once. In the providence of God, I had at that place received my first copies of my *Christian Perfection*, which I opened and gratuitously mailed a number to my ministerial brethren, among them complimenting the presiding elder of the district. The book had reached him and he had started reading it, but saw that it was nothing but the Bible and straight old Methodism which every Methodist preacher is sworn in his ordination vows to receive. His gushing tears soon disqualified him to read it, and he handed the book to his wife to read for him. She soon got in the same fix, so when the telegram reached him, they were both on their knees crying to God to sanctify them. Boarding the first train, he came to Hillsboro, arriving at the church at eleven a. m., just when I opened the altar after preaching. Nearly all the people in the house came to the altar and the presiding elder ran down the long central aisle in a regular fox-trot, and fell with them at the altar, and such praying I have seldom heard as went up from that altar the ensuing half hour, when an indescribable

heavenly landslide swept down, rolling over it a sea of grace and glory. About a dozen tided over Jordan and into the land of corn and wine, flowing with milk and honey, with tremendous shouts of victory. Among them was the presiding elder and, oh, such hugging as he and the pastor and others did!

(o) I never shall forget the scene of the newly sanctified pastor and presiding elder the ensuing afternoon crossing the plaza to the board meeting, waving their hats and shouting, "Glory to God in the highest." They entered the meeting and the presiding elder said, "Brethren, I am here responsively to your call and can only say that you have certainly called the wrong man, as I am for running that holiness meeting without a break until Gabriel blows his trumpet." It swept on and I have not here space to tell you even a running sketch of the mighty works God wrought.

(p) The next book was *Holiness or Hell* which the Lord so marvelously used as to outrun the publishers and we had to wait until they could supply the demands. Preaching in Central Holiness University, Iowa, they told me that Brother Danford, the presiding elder of North Dakota conference, had recently preached there and told them about a man on his district who wrote him a long letter urging him to move his preacher and send one in his place who would preach to sinners and let the poor Christians alone, as this man had so worn them all out, hammering on sanctification in the meetings, and if they would not seek it at the altar, coming home with them and boarding until they got it, that the case was actually intolerable and he must take him

away. He would go out with the brother to his plow, preaching sanctification in thunder-bolts and lightning-shafts to him as he walked along in the furrow until conviction knocked him down and he prayed through. Then he would run back to the house and tell Sally in the kitchen how wonderfully the Lord had sanctified Tom, and how his shouts had raised all the dogs in the neighborhood and at last she fell by the cooking stove and prayed through, too, and they both shouted together at the dinner table.

(q) Instead of answering his long letter he just mailed him my *Holiness or Hell*, without a word. The next he heard from him was from his own pastor, stating that the book had been received and he was the hottest man he had on his circuit and he came around with him to all the hell-dens and turned loose on the devil. Walking into a saloon full of roaring drunkards, he preached until they seeing hell open and the devil after them, fell at his feet and cried for mercy, the bartender over the counter roaring to him, "Don't forget me, for I am worse than any of them." In a similar manner he entered brothels, gambling houses and all the hell-dens.

(r) In a camp-meeting in Columbus, Ohio, a man stood up and waved my *Victory* in his hand, certifying, "When this book reached me, I was a drunken barber in this city and not worth a nickel. The Lord used it to convict, convert, sanctify, and make a preacher of me, and I have been shouting the victory ever since." That was about a dozen years ago. The first time I went to the city after his wonderful salvation, he met

me kindly, begged me to make his house my home, handing me his card, which I followed the ensuing morning and found myself in a barber shop. Several men were at their chairs trimming and clipping and all shouting, "Glory to God" and preaching the everlasting Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven (1 Peter 1:12), so bewildering me that I could hardly believe I was in a barber shop, as we know to our sorrow they are often hell-dens, and never before had I seen the like among barbers.

(s) When they got a fellow ripe for the sea-crossing or Jordan-fording, down they lay their implements, fall on their knees, and pray him through, all shouting with him. Then they seat him back and resume the job. Meanwhile, the proprietor touched my arm, led me through a partition door and I found myself in his great store, electrified by his infinitesimal merchandise, and when the dinner-bell called us to the dining-room in the rear, he sat me down to a table good enough for a king, and as I only take one meal a day,—i. e., the dinner, I was fairly ready for a Benjamin's mess which I got that day from the table. He escorted me up the stairway and showed me his rooms for lodgers, over all his buildings which he rented out, and told me that he owned it all; I suppose it was worth about forty thousand dollars.

(t) What is the solution? Simple and easy. When the Lord has a chance he runs surprises on people in more ways than one, as we see among the saints all around us, many starting from the Devil's hog-pen; and now they have reached home, which is like the

great Rock in the wilderness, a shelter from the storm, where the weary pilgrim finds rest and refreshment, thanks God, takes courage, and goes on his way rejoicing. When this barber got so wonderfully saved, he went to his shop flooded with glory and hugged and kissed his barbers and said, "I love you enough to die for you, but you cannot work for me any more until you get religion. I will be good to you and turn my shop into a holiness mission until you all get it." It was a glorious success because they all broke down and said, "Brother, if there is any chance for me to get what you have, I am ready to give all the world for it." He responded, "You can certainly have it, for that is just what it cost me and everybody that gets it has nothing to do but pay the price (1 John 2:16), the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, and leap and shout into the kingdom."

(u) When this paradoxical somersault supervened and he advertized in the papers "God's Barber Shop," His people far and near poured in, since in the city of four hundred thousand the same nickel takes them anywhere they want to go, hence they poured in on him from every point of the compass and made him rich. You will find his shop today on Broad Street running for the Lord alone and his residence, 1585 Sullivan Avenue, our noble barber preacher, a light in the city and a blessing to all he meets.

(v) The old Testament is the Gospel in symbol; Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the Gospel in parable; Acts of the Apostles, the Gospel in history; the Apostoline Epistles, the Gospel in experience; Revelation,

the Gospel in prophecy, as well as brilliant scintillations anon flashing out from not only the Apostolic Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles, but also gloriously climaxed in our Lord's own preaching, the wonder of the world, the delectation of the saints, and the edification of the angels.

(w) All my predecessors who from the origin of the third century down to the present day wrote commentaries began at the head of the Gospel river and sailed down to the disemagogue into a glorious eternity. The Lord in His providence led me to go the other way when selected by the entire holiness movement to expound the precious word; as full salvation commands plenty of steam, we can run up stream just as well as down. I began at the mouth of the River and steamed up to its source, taking the wonderful Apocalypse, Volume I, at the same time as Daniel 600 years antecedently saw the same visions, of course, the exposition takes him in as well as his junior brother who, in a subsequent dispensation, a thousand miles west on the Isle of Patmos saw in brilliant and glorious panorama the wonderful history of the church militant, down to the final restitution of all things back to the Edenic state, winding up in Revelation 22 with the River of Life rolling in its glory, wandering everywhere so as abundantly to supply all nations, on whose verdant bank we see the Tree of Life, which bloomed in un-fallen Eden, and whose immortalizing fruits would have been an eternal guarantee against physical ailments and graveyards if Satan had only let us alone. To the fruits of this tree, guided by instinct or provi-

dence, every son and daughter of Adam's race on the expiration of probation would have had access, and the normal effect actually eliminating all ponderous matter out of the body so that perfectly free from gravitation, infinitely delighted with the metamorphism from the caterpillar to the butterfly, we would all have flown away with the angels, delighted in the exhibition of the innumerable celestial worlds that wheel unshaken around the effulgent throne, through the void immense, unutterably delighted to do our blessed heavenly Father's will, like the unfallen angels. In that case a grave would never have been seen. The glory of this metamorphism, God wonderfully sovereign in the translation of Enoch the antediluvian, and Elijah, the greatest of the prophets, and as we have good reason to believe, the very author of the Apocalypse representing the apostolic age was translated to heaven alive, as confirmed by Justin Martyr and Irenæus, his concenturians, as we could not expect to see a record of it in the Bible because John was the last writer and we have no mail route from heaven down to earth, although a good one the other way, from earth up to heaven, by the dying saints constantly winging their flight to glory and electrifying their predecessors in the bright upper world with thrilling news of the glorious victories flashing along the embattled line as we beat our march onward and upward.

(x) The prophecies transcend all possible conception as they are receiving their fulfilment all around us and it is so infinitely important for us to have this information so as to be constantly ready for His glori-

ous appearing which is so near, even the present war you see brilliantly prophesied in Revelation 16:13-14, the culminating events having really begun, the 12th verse where the sixth angel poured out his bowl of wrath on the Great River Euphrates when the Turkish Sultan fell; the present war perpetuating the fulfilment in which the recovery of Jerusalem by the British is a glorious item, and really confirmatory of the expiration of the "Gentile times, treading down Jerusalem," as abundantly confirmed by both John and Daniel.

(y) The latter, Daniel 12:11 certifies that it will be 1,290 years; and John repeatedly in Revelation makes the statement, one thousand two hundred and three score days; forty-two months. Although Daniel has thirty years more than John it gives the same because he used the lunar chronology—354 days in the year, current in Asia and Africa, with patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and His Apostles. John saw all his prophetic visions on the European island of Patmos where the calendar chronology was used, three hundred and sixty days in the year. In all the arithmetics you will find the rule for the harmonization of numbers, very simple. Split the difference, add to the less and subtract from the greater. $1,290 - 1,260 = 30$. $30 \div 2 = 15$. $1,260 + 15 = 1,275$ while $1,290 - 15$ gives the same, 1,275, for the occupancy of Jerusalem by the Gentiles.

(z) To bring it to our chronology, we must add to that number 634, because in that year the Turks took Palestine by conquest, the Sultan dealing most rigidly with the Jews, disqualifying them to citizenize for love

or money or to hold property in the Holy Land, making it a penalty of death for a Jew to enter the temple or the holy campus, the thirty-five acres around it. The bloody revolution in 1909 dethroned the Sultan and enthroned the Young Turks, a political party sympathetic with the Jews, who radically revolutionized the government pertaining to the Hebrews.

(a) They called a convention in Jerusalem, invited Jews as well as Gentiles, voted citizenship to them, the right to own property *ad libitum* sending a royal proclamation to the ends of the earth, bidding them all welcome home. They marched Turk and Jew, arm in arm, from wall to wall in a procession, admitting them into the temple and the holy campus. We must remember that God is not tied to chronologies, as they are for us; the Lunar making the rapture of the saints overdue seventy-two years, the calendar making it overdue thirty years, and the solar (our own) making it due in 1923, five years hence. We see the superabounding mercy of God giving us all this timely warning to be ready, and if He, in His loving-kindness waits on our slow motion getting the Bride ready it is none of our business, but we should be every moment on the outlook. As you see, these are wonderful prophetic fulfilments of verse 12 in 1909 in the fall of the Sultany, verses 13 and 14 in the present war; whereas in verse 15, "Behold I come as a thief: blessed is he that keepeth his garment, that he may not walk naked and they may see his shame," you see none other than the glorious rapture of the saints. Immediately, follows the next scene on the prophetic canvas, the

seventh and last angel pouring out his bowl of wrath on the air, which envelops the whole earth 100 miles deep, and will bring in the great tribulation, flooding every nation with war and bloodshed, eliminating all the people who will not do for the glorious Millennium, which is already dawning in the steam and electric trains, girdling land and sea, dashing through mountain tunnels as well as running over them to reach the mountaineers; automobiles; airships; and infinitesimal machinery, so eliminating manual labor as to sweep slavery from the earth and fill the world with the clatter and roar of every species of labor-saving economy.

(b) The Armageddon, since Jesus in His sermon on Mt. Olivet, Wednesday afternoon antecedently to His crucifixion, assures us that the tribulation will be shortened in the interests of the elect,—i. e., the people who will let God save them when the Millennium ushers in, especially the heathen, Mohammedan and Catholic countries, where the light has shown so dimly, the Armageddon reaping its copious harvest where the light has shone brightest and by its rejection the people have crossed the dead-line and become unsaveable, Daniel 12:12 and John, Rev. 18.23, and in the Jerusalem council Acts 15, Paul, Peter, James, Luke, Amos and Moses, these eight inspired writers certify to us in bold phraseology that all who survive the tribulation will get saved in the Millennial ingress. The unsaveables and incorrigibles will have fallen by the Armageddon wars and the destroying angels, of which Daniel 7:9-10 saw a million; whereas, in answer to the

prophet's prayer, Isaiah 37, God sent a solitary angel at midnight who slew one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrian soldiers.

(c) If one angel could do this, then what will be the havoc wrought by a million destroying angels whom Daniel sees come down with the Ancient of Days to execute righteous judgment against the wicked nations and fallen churches, like Noah's flood, the plagues of Egypt, and the Jewish tribulation, which did their work so summarily in their day and generation, so the great tribulation will be by far the grandest harvest hell ever has or ever will reap on this earth, as it will be followed by the glorious Millennial dispensation, flooding the world from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same with triumphant grace and glory, felicitously reaping heaven's greatest harvest, characterized by the regeneration of the earth (Matt. 19:28) in the triumphant ingress, and her sanctification in the transcendingly glorious egress, wrapping the globe in fiery floods, consuming Gog and Magog (Rev. 20:9), Satan's remnant, and jubilantly sanctifying out of the earth everything belonging to the devil; so we see her rise from the ruins of her own conflagration, brighter than Eden ever shone, the glorified Bride, metamorphosed into a city (ch. 21) and coming down from heaven to abide forever, the River of Life, either bank encumbered by the Tree of Life, meandering through the whole world, the shipwrecking seas all evanescenced forever.

(d) I made a calculation and found that the Pacific ocean contains seventy billion acres; the Indian ocean

nineteen billion acres, and the Atlantic sixteen billion acres; in all one hundred five billion acres. Divide this newly added and inexhaustibly fertile soil into farms of one thousand acres each and you have one hundred five million farms, rich as the garden of the Lord and abundantly competent for 100 people on each farm which is ten billion, five hundred million people, supplied by the new agricultural lands vacated by the oceans, removed by the conflagration, as you know fire burns up water.

(e) The Jews lost everything, their country, nationality, and worst of all, their souls, because they did not understand the prophecies. Jacob had prophesied in Genesis 49:10 that the scepter would depart from Judah when Shiloh came. It has already departed because Herod was their last king, who died while Jesus was a fugitive in Egypt to save His life (Matt. 2), succeeded by Archelaus who never received the crown, because when he traveled all the way to Rome for Augustus Caesar to put it on his head, he positively refused, taking the kingdom from the Jews, turning Judea into a Roman province and sending off Coponius a Roman governor to take charge of it, whereas, Daniel (9th chapter) had prophesied that it would be seventy weeks,—i. e., 490 years from the founding of the second temple by Ezra, Zerubbabel, and Nehemiah until Messiah be cut off, and it was fulfilled precisely.

(f) If they had understood these and other prophecies, instead of crucifying Him they would have received Him with shouting unanimity. As you see, He honored His few followers with a commission to go

to the ends of the earth, making disciples of all nations. Consequently, as there were so many of them they would have evangelized the whole world and He would have been back fifteen hundred years ago, in fulfilment of His promise (Matt. 24:14) to return when every nation was evangelized; and the devil and his myrmidons would have been driven from the earth and the glory of the Lord would have filled the world; and Satan's millenium, the Dark Ages, chronicled in letters of blood and souvenired by wholesale crime and predominant wickedness would never have blackened the escutcheon of time.

(g) My predecessors all wrote their commentaries critically: e. g., Dr. Clarke, the champion, commented by telling what this critic says, followed by another and still another, finally winding up without explaining it, leaving the reader bewildered among the critics, so that he feels that he knows nothing about it. When the holiness people selected me for that work God sent a prophet to me, requesting me to deflect from my predecessors, and so I did, writing exegetically, experimentally, and practically, just the way you want it to feed and fatten your own soul, and in your ministry to lead your people beside the still waters, feeding your flock on green pastures. It sells for one dollar and has received a wonderful circulation, recently having been augmented by another book devoted to the prophecies, a larger volume, selling for one dollar and fifty cents. As we are living amid the thrilling fulfilment of the latter-day prophecies, you cannot afford to leave these books out of your home library.

(h) Volume II, Hebrews, Peter, James, John, and Jude, because larger than Volume I sells for \$1.25. Perhaps you think Paul wrote Hebrews. Drop your eye on the last verse of 2 Thessalonians and you see Paul's testimony that his autograph was in all his epistles. As it was not in Hebrews, it is certain that he did not write it. It had no name until six hundred years ago in the midnight of the Dark Ages when the people asked the pope who wrote it and he answered, "Paul," and consequently his name was appended to it.

(i) Not only have we Paul's testimony in the negative, but the letter tells its own story as it is not in the Pauline style, because with all his wonderful learning he certified (1 Cor. 2) that he came not in the excellency of speech and man's wisdom lest the faith of the people might stand on the wisdom of man instead of the power of God. Consequently he wrote in a very plain style; whereas, Hebrews is the most eloquent book in the Bible, and for that and other reasons the critics of Christendom have assigned it to Apollos, the most eloquent man in the world in his day, and pronounced "mighty in the scriptures," which also encourages the critics to honor him with the authorship of this epistle, as he was a native of Alexandria, Egypt, the most learned city in the world in the apostolic age. There Ptolemy Philadelphus, the most enlightened monarch of his day (280 B. C.) called together seventy learned Jews and had them translate the Bible out of the Hebrew into Greek, signally honored of God as a sunburst on his kingdom.

(j) As Apollos was perfectly acquainted with sacred literature and all the institutions of the Mosaic Church, you see them beautifully elucidated in this letter, in which he not only preaches the Christhood of Jesus with all his might from beginning to end, but also holds Him up before the world as the only hope of lost humanity, showing explicitly and lucidly the amissibility of rejecting His Christhood, as there is no other name given under heaven among men by which it is possible to be saved (Acts 4:12). It was written a very short time before the destruction of Jerusalem, in which a million and a hundred thousand perished with the sword, pestilence, and famine, the scathed and peeled remnant sold into slavery until the market was glutted and a big lot left on their hands whom they carried to Rome and turned over as the crown-slaves to the Emperor who put them to work at public work, had them build the Coliseum, the largest theater in the world which is 1,800 feet in circumference, elliptical in shape, with auditorial capacity for one hundred thousand spectators. This building is celebrated in history for the ejection of the Christians to be devoured by the wild beasts in the arena for the entertainment of the multitude for two hundred and fifty-four years, until the conversion of Constantine suddenly and unexpectedly promoted them from the lions' mouths to the royal palace.

(k) As the disciples were so in minority in the Jewish Church there was an awful pressure on them to give up their heresy and become loyal, which Apollos clearly and unequivocally shows (ch. 6 and 10) meant

their hopeless apostasy and irretrievable damnation as there is no other Christ and never again can be. Hence the verity of the Christhood and the unpardonable sin of His rejection constitute the crowning glory of this epistle, confirmed in the experience of entire sanctification, the absolute *sine qua non* of admission into heaven, (ch. 12:14) "Follow peace with all men and the sanctification, without which no one shall see the Lord, watching diligently lest some root of bitterness spring up and many be defiled;" thus sweeping from the field all standards inferior to entire sanctification, even the holiness people who abound in the old world and somewhat in the new, Keswickists who claim sanctification, but repudiate eradication, which really leaves them on the plane of regeneration, which gives the victory on the suppression line; whereas, this passage corroborated by sundry scriptures literally sweeps all controversy from the field, revealing most unequivocally, the synonymy of entire sanctification with the eradication of the bitter root of inbred sin.

(1) Peter the senior apostle honored during the wonderful triennium as the speaker of the twelve was transcendently complimented with the leading oration of Pentecostal day, a chain of thunder-bolts and lightning-shafts from beginning to end, so transcendently blest with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the multitude, which aroused by their jubilant shouts poured in from their great Pentecostal camp-meeting on Mt. Moriah, this Sabbath their scheduled closing; but catching the fire they went on indefinitely and spreading to the ends of the earth. Peter was pre-emi-

nent for his quickness, fire, and force in all his deliverances in his epistles, not only giving prominence to the sky-blue regeneration followed by the climactic sanctification, but proceeding to crown it all with that brilliant constellation of seven stars, outshining the Pleiades, one of which, Alcyone, has been pronounced by astronomers 12,000 million times the magnitude of Earth, (2 Peter 1:5-11) "Having been made partakers of the divine nature and been delivered from the corruption of the world through lust,"—i. e., by entire sanctification, "add to your faith, heroism; to heroism, knowledge; to knowledge, practical holiness; to holiness, patience; to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness and charity; for if these be in you and abound they make you neither barren nor unfruitful and you shall never fail, but an abundant entrance will be administered unto you into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." This beautiful constellation of seven spiritual graces added to the supernatural birth and entire sanctification show up a Christian character which beggars all cavil, and gives the senior apostle a halo around his brow which will accumulate new luster through the flight of endless ages. His prophecy, "The earth and those things in it will be utterly burned up," giving prominence to the popular theology appertaining to the extermination of the world, is felicitously relieved by the oldest and most reliable manuscripts,—e. g., Hort and Westcotts, which simply state, "will be destroyed," corroborating the consolatory assurance that these fires will not exterminate the earth any more

than Noah's flood, which only destroyed the wicked people on it, and as you see, Revelation 20:9, they will destroy none but Gog and Magog, the last remnant of Satan's army, and actually sanctify the earth by the elimination of everything Satan ever put in it; so she will rise from the ruins of her own conflagration, brighter than Eden ever shone, the inheritance of the saints forever (Matt 5:5).

(m) James is preeminent for practicability: "Count it all joy when you fall into manifold temptations," from the glorious and consolatory fact that Satan is included in the "all things, working together for good to them that love the Lord" (Romans 8:28), these terrible battles we fight with his strong intellect, are doubtless the grandest means of grace this side of heaven as we gain strength by the battle and courage by the victory. You see in his altar call (ch. 4) his beautiful orthodoxy on the two works of grace, "Cleanse your hands you sinners, and purify your hearts, you double-minded." The sinner has but one soul and that is bad; the sanctified man, but one, and it is good; whereas the unsanctified Christian is here pronounced di-psychous,—i. e., double-souled; sanctification eliminating the bad soul and leaving the good one to shout the victory with Jesus forever. You see chapter 5:15 is beautifully orthodox on Divine healing.

(n) John, the youngest of all, the twelfth, and the first to enlist, was honored to survive all his comrades a whole generation, and thus prove the patriarch of the Apostolic Church. He was cast into a caldron of boiling oil in Rome, but proving invulnerable was exiled on

pestilential Patmos for his destruction; but Jesus came down in His glory and made it the vestibule of heaven, as John Wesley, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus, his con-centurians believed, when they unaccountably missed him from Ephesus, as in case of Enoch, that he was honored with the translation to heaven alive, always sitting next to Jesus and leaning on His bosom, indubitably wearing the crown of a perfect love incarnation shining with unrivalled splendor and glory. His gospel, 3:16, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should have everlasting life," has been the battle-cry for ages, turning a sunburst down on a lost world and leaving none out of the kingdom, while we see 1 John 3:16, "As Christ so loved us that he gave his life for us, we should so love the brethren as to be willing to give our lives for them," thus giving us the highest type of sanctification, which we must receive as unimpeachably orthodox. Jude gives us but one chapter, but it is a chain of sheet-lightning from beginning to end, cutting down a swath, high as heaven, deep as hell, and broad as creation.

(o) Volume III, Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, 1 and 2 Thessalonians, 1 and 2 Timothy, Titus, Philemon (price \$1), peculiar in the fact that it is exclusively Pauline which means gigantic intellect, sky-blue regeneration, and sunburst sanctification flashing throughout. Ephesus was then the New York of Western Asia, the center of wealth, learning, and idolatry; the temple of Diana which took two hundred years in building served by a thousand priestesses, as those

lecherous men recognized and honored them, while simply harlots; and the city the concentration of wickedness. Paul finds twelve disciples who had been converted through the ministry of Apollos, who was only a disciple of John the Baptist, who had lived off in Africa not even knowing about the mighty work of Jesus. He at once preached to them sanctification, heroically leading them into the experience, thus organizing a holiness band to help him press the battle the three years of his wonderful ministry, radiating that vast region of the globe with this nucleus of orthodox saints; in his epistle he gives them a very high type of spirituality. In every chapter the statement, "Heavenly places" occurs, except the last, where it says, "High places," which is the same Greek word; so you see it is the same throughout. You see "places" is italicized, a confession of the translators that it is not in the original and they made a mistake by putting it down as it weakens the beautiful truth so clearly revealing the consolatory fact that they enjoyed heavenly experiences, love, peace, joy, faith, obedience, and so forth,—i. e., heaven in the heart, in sweet prelibation, the sure guarantee of heaven forever.

(p) We see in the first chapter of this letter and in Colossians 1 a most consolatory revelation that our own dear loving Savior actually created all things visible and spiritual and material, including the two hundred million suns, accompanied by their two billion, one hundred seventy million worlds with their asteroids and satellites, and many of them so paradoxically magnitudinous, while the greatest astronomers all give it

as their candid conviction that all these constitute but the suburbs of the celestial universe, all created by our meek and lowly and omnipotent Savior.

(q) Reader, I hope it will be your happy lot to prove His faithful and triumphant disciple. Colossians 3: 5; "Mortify your members which are on the earth, envy, jealousy, prejudice, bigotry, egotism, vanity, ambition, avarice, anger, wrath, malice, passion, temper, etc."

(r) The word translated "mortify" is *nekrosape* from *nekross*, a corpse; thus showing that we are to kill the old man, the body of sin, as all his members are sure to die with the body. How can I kill this old man of sin who is so much stronger than I? I simply do it by turning him over to Jesus and shouting the victory of faith which knocked down the wall of Jericho. This is my only job, to shout and obey and you may rest assured that Jesus kills him responsively to your faith. The Philippian letter was written in Rome amid the Pretorian army; Ephesians, Colossians, and Philemon having been written in his holiness mission which he ran the first two years after his arrival, A. D. 63, as they postponed his trial waiting for charges and he never got any. At the expiration of two years, Burres, his friend in the imperial court having died, and Captain Julius, his convert on his voyage, having been sent away on government business, they took him out of his mission where he wrote this epistle while his trial was pending and the sword hanging over his neck, yet it is the most jubilant of the Pauline epistles, a shout of victory from the beginning to the end. When the

trial came off, Paul was acquitted for the want of evidence. He went away, peregrinating his vast evangelistic field, till he lost his head at Nero's block and flew up to heaven.

(s) Philippians 3:20, says, "Our citizenship is in heaven whence we are looking for our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will transform the body of our humility similitudinously to the body of his glory, to him who is able to subordinate all things to himself." Here we see the consolatory fact that we are not citizens of this world, but children of Abraham who had no home on the earth and who said he was "a pilgrim and a stranger, traveling to a city above the stars whose builder and maker is God." The ordinance of circumcision constitutes a partition between God's children and the wicked world. The sharp knife decapitates the sin monster and makes us all a peculiar people, unlike the world, and gloriously delivered from all of its flirtations, frivolities, trivialities, treacheries, and ambitions, singing as we go:

"I would rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne."

(t) The Thessalonian epistles show up lucidly and irrefutably the two great works of grace, all certifying that he wrote them to supply the deficiencies in their experiences and unequivocally pronouncing it sanctification; at the same time he certified that God has willed it to all His children and we have nothing to do but

reach believing ground by full and eternal abandonment and then receive it by faith and enjoy it forever.

"He that rejecteth, rejecteth not man, but God who giveth unto you his Holy Spirit," showing that He actually gives His Holy Spirit to sanctify them and never fails, unless they reject Him, and in that case commit the unpardonable sin (Matt. 12:31-32) infelicitously crossing the dead-line and winding up in a backslider's hell, climaxing the fervent appeals with his importunate prayer (1 Thes. 5:23), "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God that your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; faithful is he that promised who will also do it;" thus leaving us without excuse because sanctification is not our work, but that of our heavenly Father, who calls us and finds no hard jobs, but is certain to do it, responsively to our faith.

(u) In this wonderful prayer the word "wholly" is *holoteles* from *holos*, entirely, and *telos* which means perfection. Hence the beautiful and triumphant signification, sanctify you entirely unto perfection, which certainly sweeps all controversy from the field, so no one can read these deep, comprehensive, and strong Pauline scriptures and not be radical in holiness, for omnipotent grace is pledged for the confirmation of this glorious work so potently performed in this and the other epistle to the same people by his brilliant epistles of the Lord's return to the earth, "in flaming fire to execute vengeance on the ungodly," in the great tribulation, ominously adumbrated by all the prophets, and

at the same time as Daniel says in chapter twelve, "Everyone whose name is written in the book shall be delivered,"—i. e., every one on the bride roll will be taken up; and Paul says (1 Thessalonians 4), "The Lord himself will descend from heaven with a shout with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God: and the dead in Christ will rise first,"—i. e., before we are transfigured, then "we who are left, will be caught up with them to meet the Lord in the air, and thus ever be with the Lord."

(v) Timothy was Paul's favorite preacher, and in both of his letters, flooded with his fatherly kindness, he gives him a summary of the beautiful, comprehensive, and glorious truth he is to preach in all his ministry (1 Tim. 1:5), "Love out of a clean heart and a good conscience with faith unfeigned," which is the shout of victory he is to constantly roar along the embattled line, the normal effect of the cleansing flood administered by the Holy Ghost expediting all depravity out of the heart, filling us with perfect love and the abiding Comforter, the triumphant victory Jesus always gives us when He baptizes us with the Holy Ghost and fire. The blessed Holy Spirit is heaven's omnipotent laundryman, applying the blood, the omnipotent elixir of perfect purification in contradistinction to the brilliant parade of legalism and churchism, which is heralded far and wide by Satan's false prophets who take the place of Jesus and make the water a substitute for the Holy Ghost and dispense wholesale ruin to the deluded multitudes who receive the chloroform of these machinations, lulling them to sleep in the easy-chair of

carnal security until the fleeting breath evanesces like Dives' (Luke 16), and they are surprised to find hell instead of heaven.

(w) "It does not behoove the slave of the Lord to fight, but to be gentle toward all, competent to teach, enduring evil in meekness, instructing the adversaries, if perchance they may escape from the snare of the devil having been led captive by him (God's love slave) at His will (2 Tim. 2:24-26). The E. V. makes the sad mistake in this scripture, giving the victory to the devil instead of God's love-slave,—i. e., the truly sanctified, because God made us in the beginning his love-slaves to do His work on earth as the angels do it in heaven; and the devil ruined us, but Jesus takes out of us everything Satan put in us and restores us back to the delightful attitude of the love-slave, lost in the will of God, and going about over the world doing good, so patiently and efficiently teaching the Lord's enemies and ours that we actually rescue them from the devil and lead them off captives for Jesus, to receive His wonderful salvation and glorify Him forever; meanwhile God will reward us for our labor and patient suffering, always ready for martyrdom, as I am now, and would shout over the privilege, having no enterprises in time or eternity except the glorification of God.

(x) I have often looked on the beautiful Island of Crete where Paul appointed Titus a young preacher honored with the pastorate of that great and beautiful island, where he won a crown of glory which is constantly accumulating new splendor. "The grace of God

that bringeth salvation to all people has appeared unto us teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts we are to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present age, looking to the glorious hope, even the appearing of the great God, truly our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good work. These things exhort, teach, and enforce with all authority. Let no one snub thee." As Titus was a youth, he fortified him against the probability that some might think he was taking too much authority and ought to be castigated.

We see in the beginning of this wonderful charge the door of free grace thrown open to all ages and nations, leaving them nothing to do but say "Yes" to God, walk in the light, and the blood will cleanse them from all sin, as the Holy Ghost is a faithful custodian and dispenses it whenever Jesus pours Him out on an immortal soul. This wonderful baptism gives us a clean heart which the blessed heavenly Paraclete always fills, giving us the shine, shout, and leap, enabling us to live hygienically,—i. e., treating the body right, taking no tobacco, alcohol, opium, tea, or coffee, and in the second place as we see here enjoined, living righteously treating every one in the world right, loving our neighbors with a perfect love, and thirdly, treating God right, which simply means to be loyal and true, spirit, soul, and body, delighted to do His will on earth as the angels do in heaven.

(y) At the same time we must be on the constant outlook for the glorious appearing, and be ready to

run to meet Him with a shout, so delighted that God has let us live at the time of His coming, and consequently will never get sick and die, but (1 Cor. 15:52) "In the twinkling of an eye" this body will be metamorphosed into the similitude of our Savior's body and fly up to meet Him in the air. Then we will be so flooded with gratitude "because he gave himself for us that he might purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,"—i. e., a people going for holiness with all of their might, and having nothing to do with the people of the world but faithfully labor to save them, and at the same time perfectly delighted with everything that pleases our heavenly Father; so we actually rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks (1 Thes. 5).

We see in the letter to Philemon, God the Father beautifully and brilliantly symbolized in Philemon the noble saint with the church in his house; God the son, in Paul, who is faithfully running his mission in the world's metropolis when Onesimus fell out with his good master and fled away to Rome where he was so anxious to hear the preacher who had often preached in the church in his master's own residence, and of course came to meeting to see him, got happily converted so he wanted to see his old master, apologize, and make everything right. Consequently, you see he beautifully symbolizes every sinner who has played Onesimus with God,—i. e., run away, but fortunately having been arrested by the Gospel lasso tossed by the Lord Jesus Christ from bloody Calvary, streaming round the world, ringing out the proclamation, "Come

unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"—i. e., the sweet rest of pardoning mercy and redeeming grace so freely given to every penitent, believing soul, God's first glorious work, rescuing the soul from Satanic bondage and making it a happy citizen of the kingdom for glory bound yet having disturbers within, anon interrupting the sweet rest in the arms of Jesus, sighing and crying for the perfect rest reserved for the people of God if they will only meet the condition: (2) "Take my yoke upon you, learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and you shall find rest for your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden light."

"Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest,
But I gave all trying over,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

Cho.—

"Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

(a) In this short epistle you see in beautiful symbolism, God the Father, Christ the Son, and the sinner gloriously saved and restored back to the father's house, the Church of God in the lovely home of Philemon.

Volume IV includes 1 and 2 Corinthians and Galatians, a large book (price \$1.50), exhibiting in the bold phraseology, iron logic, and thrilling experience of Paul, the wonderful plan of salvation, lucidly expound-

ed and brilliantly illustrated—his greatest revival running eighteen months without a break in the Paris of the Hellenistic age, Corinth, the metropolis of southern Greece, the emporium of style, fashion, and every phase of worldliness, the center of idolatry, the spires of pagan temples to Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Minerva, Diana, and many others glittering in the splendor of the semi-tropical sunbeams, magnetizing the traveler and lassoing him for debauchery in this world and damnation in the swift beyond. In 1 Corinthians 6:9-11, we read, "No fornicator, idolater, adulterer, catamite, sodomite, drunkard, thief, scold or extortioner, can ever inherit the kingdom of God, and such were some of you, but you have washed yourselves, been sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of our God.

The catamites were guilty of masculine fornication, terrifically detrimental to soul and body and abominable in the sight of God, while the Sodomites were guilty of cohabitation with animals, for which God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, and Herculaneum and Pompeii, at Naples, Italy, A. D. 79 were buried alive by a sudden and awful eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, so utterly destroying them as to scare away all who escaped with their lives so they remained 1700 years unknown. Great forests grew up over them; at last a man followed his dog in chase after a rabbit and thinking he entered a cave, found himself in a fossil city, twenty-six acres of which have been exhumed and I have frequently walked over it in Pompeii, whereas Herculaneum is still under the great strata formed by

the fiery flood, the city of Naples having been built over it as they told me while I traveled through it. Many specimens fossilized have been gathered into the museum and are now on exhibition revealing incontestably their guilt of this awful Sodomy. The same was true as you see by the inspired record in Corinth, the leading city of Achaia, where idolatry in all its forms and phases had focalized, verifying chapter 2, where Paul says, that the heathen worshiped devils,—i. e., demons, which fill the people and make them pre-eminently influential in the capture of the multitude; these pagan gods, readily libertines, and the goddesses, prostitutes, as at Ephesus, in the temple of Diana it is certified that a thousand priestesses gave their services to the goddess Diana, actually harlots, so you see that temple regarded as the temple of the age, so magnificent that it took two hundred years to build it, was the greatest brothel on the globe.

(b) We have the same horrific state of things in heathen lands now to my personal knowledge, as the Lord permitted me to travel and preach in all the great nations, girdling the globe; they actually worship their genital organs, men worshiping women, *et vice versa*, confirmatory of 2 Corinthians 4:4 which pronounces Satan the god of this world, true reading, this age, as the world is felicitously included in the redemptive scheme, the devil soon to lose his throne, and find his ultimate destination with all his followers **demoniacal and human** in the burning lake in outer darkness (Rev. 20:1-4 and 15), the sanctifying fires having redeemed the earth, not only burning up Gog

and Magog, Satan's remnant (verse 8), but sanctifying out of the earth everything the devil ever put into it, restoring it back to the lovely, unfallen Eden which Satan found and broke loose from heaven that he might annex it to hell; and he has done his best these six thousand years, but in the finale, we see it re-annexed back to heaven and the lovely inheritance of the saints to shine and shout forever.

(c) You see in these scriptures the stupendous wonders of redeeming grace and sanctifying power, taking these Corinthians from the depths of slumdom, saving and sanctifying and actually, as you see in 1 Corinthians 12:8, not only giving them the stupendous wonders of entire sanctification, but enduing them with the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, constituting the Christian soldiers invincible panoply, by which he is the honored vehicle of salvation to all he meets in his pilgrimage: wisdom, which is the right use of knowledge, also the gift of knowledge, which is insight into divine truth; faith, not the grace of faith by which we are personally saved, but the gift of faith by which we save others. Paul said to the jailer (Acts 16:31), "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou and thy family shall be saved."

(d) That is certainly a wonderful gift, and it is free for all, otherwise it would not be a gift. Then follows divine healing, a great blessing so much to be appreciated as all the words which designate Satan, devil (English), Apollyon (Greek), and Abaddon (Hebrew), mean destroyer, from the simple fact that he goes for destroying soul, mind, and body, and consequently the people are so slow to learn and get

away from him, world without end, that they generally escape out of his clutches with ruined health, dissipated fortunes, and alienated friends. God is so wonderfully good as to take such and not only restore soul and spirit, but even heal the body, and we should all have that gift so we can heal others who are suffering by millions all around us.

(e) The next is manipulations of dynamites,—i. e., working Gospel miracles, convicting sinners, converting penitents, sanctifying believers, and healing the sick. The sixth gift is prophecy,—i. e., preaching, to which Paul gives the pre-eminence, because the world is to be saved by preaching, as he so beautifully instructs us in 1 Corinthians 14:3, "He that prophesieth speaketh to the people in edification, exhortation, and comfort." These three divisions of every sermon should literally monopolize all our time, and they do with me, since I make it a point of duty to God, never to speak an idle word, as Jesus says, "For it we must give an account in the Judgment,"—i. e., a word that does no good for such is the meaning of *agrom* which Jesus spoke.

(f) Now we reach discernment of spirits by which the blessed Holy Spirit enables us to read people like books, and know what they need, whether the Sinai Gospel to convict them, the Calvary Gospel to convert them, the Pentecost Gospel to sanctify them, or the Transfiguration Gospel to keep them ready responsively to Gabriel's trumpet to fly up and meet the Lord in the air. We now have the Gift of Tongues, infinitely valuable because language is the vehicle God has provided to carry the Gospel of salvation to every lost soul.

Our wonderful Anglo-Saxon language, beginning with only 23,000 words throwing a wide-open door and ringing out a world-wide welcome, has actually run up to 450,000 and is constantly increasing,—God's glorious gift for the reign of His Son on earth when all the world will speak one language as they did before His righteous judgments confused their tongues at Babel.

The common people use only three or four hundred words, great scholars use only eight or ten thousand; hence you see the wide-open door for the gift of our own language, whereas if we have the good fortune to be missionaries, He will do us the kindness to cooperate with our faithful efforts, by giving us the language of the people whom we have the honor and the blessing to serve with the glorious Gospel of life and salvation. (The modern "Tongue" movement is the work of evil spirits, among the spiritualists, Mormons, and other heretics, in days of yore peculiar to the wizards, witches, sorcerers, jugglers, necromancers, magicians, and Satan's preacher generally (Isa. 8:19).

(g) We need the gift of interpretation to qualify us to explain the blessed Bible and understand other good books with which God in His wonderful mercy has actually flooded our lives.

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my heart relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!"

How can you keep from shouting when you contemplate the thrillingly transporting truth here revealed as you see these Corinthians (6:9-11), actually down at the bottom of slumdon, degraded by that black catalogue, fornication, idolatry, adultery, self-abuse, sodomy, theft, drunkenness, doing their best to cheat everybody, and out of these horrific hell-dens, gloriously saved, wholly sanctified by the beautiful nine graces (Galatians 5:22)—divine love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, meekness, temperance, (practical holiness and loving obedience to the divine law), and faith by which we receive everything from God.

(h) In addition to the wonderful graces received in regeneration and made perfect in sanctification, as you see in the plain word of the beloved apostle inspired by the Holy Ghost, they were so flooded with all the gifts of the Spirit, that they all wanted to preach, and Paul found it necessary to lay down restrictive rules to keep them from all roaring ahead at once.

(i) Volume V, Acts and Romans. This is also a large book (price \$1.50) leading off with the glorious baptism our ascended Savior gave them all on Pentecostal day, flooding them with fire, actually giving them two tongues, the one to preach hell-fire to the wicked, convict them and keep them out of it and the other to preach heavenly fire to Christians, so they would all be sure to get the baptism Jesus so freely gives to all God's children with the Holy Ghost and fire, giving us a clean heart, sanctifying us wholly, (1 Thes. 5:23), God's *sine qua non* to meet Him in peace (Heb. 12:14), this wonderful baptism so flooding and firing the 120 as

to turn them all into flaming preachers of the Gospel, shouting so loudly as to magnetize the multitude a mile distant on Mt. Moriah, over the Tyruvian valley attending their great Penecostal camp-meeting, but they ran pell-mell like a race-horse until they reached the scene when the 120 scattered out in all directions, preaching with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; 3,000 converted in the morning and 5,000 in the afternoon, two days subsequently, as you see in the fourth chapter in answer to prayer the very earth shook, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, this Pentecost sanctifying the converts of the preceding, the women administering baptism to all converts while the men with their lion voices did the preaching to the spell-bound multitude, the Levitical law made every ceremonially clean person competent to administer baptism,—i. e., sprinkle, the law of purification on the subject of ceremonial defilement, the wonderful revival thus sweeping on so the pilgrims from all foreign lands stayed over to press the battle for God and souls, the local saints cheerfully and gladly selling out their homes and all their possessions to support the revival, as it inundated Judea, overran Samaria, and swept out to every point of the compass, as they went everywhere preaching the Word. This finally culminated in the dispersion of all the apostles to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel.

(j) James the Greater was beheaded by Herod Agrippa in Jerusalem, James the Less was hurled from a pinnacle of the temple, and as it did not quite kill him, they finished him with a fuller's club. Mark was

sent to Egypt where he preached faithfully until a cruel mob dragged him through the streets until he expired. Matthew received Ethiopia, whither he went and preached heroically until crucifixion released him for bright glory. Matthias the successor of fallen Judas was sent to Abyssinia, eastern Africa, where he stemmed the storm until bloody death gave him the passport from the cross to the crown. Thomas, the famous doubter, whose doubts eternally evanesced with the Penecostal baptism, was sent to India where he preached until his great success alarmed the Brahman priests, and as they saw his work would ruin their religion, they had him mobbed, perforated with a cruel iron bar, and hung up between two trees. Jude received Tartary (including China until the Great Wall was built separating them), nobly faced the music of heaven until they had a shooting-match at his expense, gambling over him and shooting him full of arrows.

(k) Andrew, received Armenia, honored with the lighting of Noah's ark, going thither he heroically stemmed the tide until they crucified him on a cross. Bartholomew received Phrygia, a wild old heathen kingdom, and preached until a great excitement raised the people on tip-toe so that the king diagnosed his case, sat in judgment, and announced him an enemy of the gods, and a disturber of the peace, at the same time ordering him to leave the country and never to return, but he preached on with greater enthusiasm, when the despot got so mad that he had him skinned alive. In St. John's cathedral, Rome, we see all the apostles in gigantic statuary, not only exhibiting their persons, but

also the manner in which they suffered martyrdom. Philip was sent to Assyria where he suffered martyrdom at Baal-bek, the capital and metropolis of polytheism, where Baal was worshiped with the grandest pomp and pageantry for four thousand years. Simon Zelotes, our own Anglo-Saxon apostle, sent to the British Isles, verified his cognomen, which literally means "all on fire," until bloody martyrdom gave him his New Jerusalem passport.

(1) Luke, Paul's noble amanuensis, was hung on an olive tree in Greece; Paul, the great Gentile evangelist, was decapitated at Rome; Peter, responsively to the appeals of the saints to run away to save his life, met Jesus on the Appian Way and interrogated Him, *Domine quo avis?* Lord, whither goest Thou? who replied, "To Rome to be crucified again," and suddenly vanished out of sight. Peter, having returned to Rome, told his thrilling story of meeting the Lord who had sent him back to be crucified, as he verily suffered martyrdom with his head downward at his own request on the spot where St. Peter's cathedral now stands, a world's wonder, eight hundred thirty-five feet long, three hundred thirty feet wide, and four hundred forty-eight feet high, built entirely of the finest marble. John was miraculously delivered from the caldron of boiling oil into which the emperor Dominican had him thrown in Rome, and in a similar manner from the narcotic pestilences of Patmos, and he ranks among the martyrs, whereas, there is no doubt that he was honored with a translation to heaven alive.

(m) The Roman epistle, the pearl of the Pauline

series, is the battle cry of the militant host down the rolling centuries. Chapter 1:16 gives the victorious, lexical definition of Gospel, certifying that it is "God's dynamite unto salvation to every one that believeth," —i. e., the unseen power that blows the devil out of the sinner and devil nature out of the Christian, giving the victory and the triumphant shout, sweeping through the gates into the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb. The first chapter gives us in a nutshell the attitude of the heathen, certifying that they are "left without excuse" as the invisible things of God are revealed in them, even His eternal power and divinity, going on to show how lamentably they depreciated the light they had until it became darkness, lapsing first into dead intellectualism where we have the great Protestant Churches today, then, into idolatry, the awful attitude of the Catholic world this day, and finally into brutality, where we see pagandom this day, adoring the vilest lusts, and actually deifying their own genital organs, thus winding up the chapter with a picture black as the midnight pandemonium.

(n) The second chapter reveals the Jewish Church, sadly apostatized into dead formality and hollow hypocrisy, exhibiting a panorama of the final Judgment, the Jews judged by the Old Testament, the Christians, by the whole Bible, but the heathen only by the laws of nature, culminating in the beautiful definition which for our edification we would as well transfer to our own dispensation (2:28, 29), "He is not a Christian who is one outwardly, neither is baptism that which is outward on the flesh, but he is a Christian who is one

inwardly and baptism that of the Spirit and not of the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God," culminating in the appalling, dramatic scene of heathens and Jews, with the rare exception of the "here and there" traveler, thus winding up with a verification of the popular maxim, "The darkest hour is just before day."

(o) We now reach the grace side of the problem (3:19), to chapter 6, in which we have the longest argument, and by the greatest logician and theologian who has ever put pen to paper, confirmatory of a free justification for everybody in all the world who will say good-by to the devil, giving him back all their sins, leaving him world without end and going for the King's highway (Isa. 35:8), which Jesus built with His own bleeding, toiling hands, every step from the city of destruction to the New Jerusalem, no lion, ravenous beast, or toll-gate on it. So the vilest of the vile has nothing to do but bid Satan an eternal adieu, no time to tinker with popery, prelacy, priest-craft, Campbellism, ritualism, legalism, or humanism of any kind, but dash off, running for dear life, with ever accelerated velocity until he leaps with a triumphant shout through the pearly gates and receives a starry crown, never to fade away, but which will accumulate new luster through the flight of eternal ages, while he sings the song of redeeming grace and never dying love, responsively to golden harps, celestial peans, and ethereal trumpets, with ever increasing volume and glory, like a mighty sea, without bank or bottom rolling on through the ceaseless cycles of eternity.

(p) In chapter 6, Paul gives a thorough and glori-

ous exegesis of entire sanctification in the crucifixion of the old man,—i. e., devil nature, transmitted to every human spirit by the devil in the fall through Adam the first, our federal head, as God has decreed over and over in both Testaments that nothing unholy can enter heaven, as in that case it would not be heaven, but a mixed world like this.

(q) Not only is the sin personality, as you here see (verse 6), crucified and the body of sin destroyed, but actually buried into the death of Christ.

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho’ vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

“Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

“Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I’ll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.”

(r) The death of Christ, into which every sin personality, after it has by crucifixion been metamorphosed into a spiritual corpse, is buried so deep that Satan’s resurrection trumpet can never reach it. N. B., You

see if you will read the scripture without some sectarian veil over your eyes, is simply the great and glorious vicarious, substitutionary atonement which the Son of God, our omnipotent Savior, made for every human soul and Jesus executes this wonderful work of crucifying the sin personality, destroying the body of sin, and burying it into the atonement when He baptizes you with the Holy Ghost and fire. No wonder Satan has Catholic priests, Campbellite preachers, Mormon prophets, and all others whom he can manipulate to propagate his hell-hatched heresies, actually putting material water in place of the Holy Ghost, and their own personalities in place of Jesus.

(s) Volumes VI and VII expound the four Gospels, harmonically arranged, as you see in my translation, so you do not have to hunt anything because everything is before your eyes. Matthew, the elaborate writer; Mark, short and quick, Peter, its author, giving everything in a nutshell; Luke, the literary pearl of the evangelistic four, brilliant with the scholarship of Paul the author, and the sweet, rich parables of our Savior, the prince of all preachers, while John, the incarnation of Love really rolls over us a sea of grace and glory without bank or bottom, brilliantly revealing the supernatural birth, the *sine qua non* of admission into the kingdom. Chapter 3:5-7,—not “born again,” as E. V., but “from above,” as *anóthen* has no other meaning, nor, as Satan’s preachers have been humbugging the preachers through the ages, born of literal water, which Jesus so firmly corrected with Nicodemus, who thought something was to be done to his body, and

He told him it was pure spirituality and his body had nothing to do with it. The woman at the well, to whom He mentioned water seven times against once to Nicodemus, and she thought without a doubt it was the water in Jacob's well, and He told her twice over that she was mistaken and it was the Water of Life which is none other than Himself as abundantly revealed in both testaments, and which she fortunately then received under His ministry and stirred the city with her shouts. Hence, "Born of water and Spirit" simply means, born of Jesus and the Holy Ghost, despite all the machinations of Satan through his poor blinded preachers to switch off the people into idolatry and have them worship the water-god. These three books above mentioned (volumes VI, VII and N. T. translation) sell for \$1.50 each.

(t) The largest book of my authorship is just now being finished, thirty-five O. T. Biographies, an epitomized substitute for the O. T. Commentaries, for which the people are clamoring around the world. I have written seventeen clothbound books, recently. Every one of these books shows this wonderful Bible salvation clearly and lucidly from a different standpoint, price fifty cents, now being made, and you will soon have access to them. The Lord has given me twenty-five more, the same size and price, which I am dictating constantly, and if He lets me stay here, you will soon have access to them. He has also given me 165 paper-bound booklets, whose names I have written on the blank borders of my Greek Testament and (D. V.) I will write them if He lets me stay long enough.

SECTION III—MY TRAVELS—A. D. 1884

Bishop McTyeire, presiding over my conference, before the Church had begun to appoint evangelists, told me that the Lord wanted him to put me in that work and gave me the whole connection for my field of labor,—i. e., the world, as it is all over it. In this appointment I served a third of a century without a break, traveling four times around the historic world, preaching in the great foreign fields, India, China, Burma, Malaysia, Japan, Oceanica, and Africa, and crossing this continent immemorially, till my physical constitution proved no longer competent, and now I am teaching the Bible in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, dictating books to amanuenses and preaching all the time; much pressed with work as a nonagenarian and looking on the last mile-post.

(u) In this extensive traveling I have often been in railroad wrecks and ocean storms, perils of robbers by land and sea, in 1909 actually robbed five times. I have seen the cars torn to pieces, derailed, capsized, smashed up, and people killed all around me, but never seriously have I been hurt. Twenty-three years ago, before the Jews had poured in and built roads over Palestine, when we had to travel on horseback, on a tour from Damascus to Jerusalem, on Mount Hermon the highest in all that part of the world, where the Jordan rises from the icy summits, disappointed in our lodging because the wife of the proprietor had died that day and he was in too much trouble for us to bother him, we had to lodge in a mud hut with thatched roof,

insecure from robbers, who abounded in that country, and sure would alight on travelers if they had a chance. We had met a group of them as our dragoman told us a little before sunset, and he said they would keep our track and if we had to lay out they would certainly be on us.

(v) We united in prayer, spread our blankets on the dirt floor, turning our heads up the mountain, the dragoman, well armed next the door, your humble servant next to him, utterly unarmed, as I never loaded a firearm in my life, my son-in-law, Rev. T. M. Hill was next to me, unarmed also, and so sorry of it as he was a brave soldier and a good shot, but when he wanted to buy a revolver in Naples, he yielded to protestations against it and was seriously reflecting on me, and Rev. J. A. Payne terminal on the west with his splendid revolver he had bought in Naples.

(w) And all eyes open the whole night looking out for the robbers who certainly could have captured all of us, the three holiness preachers and three Christian Arabs, the owners of the horses we rode, the muleteer and our dragoman, the latter three spending the night in the yard immediately in front to hold their horses if possible from the anticipated robbery. I prayed all the time and have good reason to believe that all the rest did likewise, meanwhile I reminded the Lord about the case of Ezra and his band carrying the five million dollars' worth of temple furniture from Babylon to Jerusalem, tenting out every night with no soldiers to guard them, when the robbers never troubled them; so I plead with Him, as in that case, to put His hand

on the robbers, and He surely did, because to the surprise of all the natives, they never came.

(x) Oh, how glad we were when the rosy-fingered aurora, the daughter of the dawn shot her first gleams over that lofty mountain, revealing the retreat of the long, dreary night and the glorious return of the bright, autumnal day, when with shouts of victory we all mounted and went on our journey singing jubilantly: "Glory to God, I'm at the fountain drinking." We explored the catacombs of Egypt and had already embarked to cross the great and beautiful river Nile, when Brother Hill gave us the benefit of his wonderful discernment by revealing a plot to rob us. We leaped out into the water, waded ashore, and made our escape.

(y) On my first tour to the Old World we were met by an awful storm on our return, five hundred miles this side of Gibraltar. The storm lasted five days and nights without a lull or an intermission. The clouds were so dense that it was impossible to see any difference between mid-day and midnight; there was no light seen, save that which was caught from the lurid lightning as it traversed its burning pathway of sable clouds, mountain billows, climbing the skies and slashing the stars. The ship was one of the largest in the world, with her thirty-six boilers all kept hot as they shoveled the coal constantly and kept the steam up at high pressure. We were so fortunate as to be well coaled up, although it cost the ship company (the great North German-Lloyd) immense money, otherwise, that sweeping hurricane in our faces would have driven us

back and wrecked us on the coast of Africa to be eaten by cannibals and crocodiles.

I never knew a time in my life when such revelations of the divine majesty flashed into my mind and eradicated my spirit, so I felt my littleness, my inability as never before, and received grace to sink deeper into His divinity and broaden into grander apprehensions of His majesty than ever before. It seemed that I could see Him in His glorious majesty, riding His august storm chariot, flooded with seas of foam, the swift winds serving Him as chariot steeds, meanwhile, the roaring billows and deafening thunder-bolts proclaimed His glory.

(z) As we had sailed from Italy, most of the passengers were of that nationality, and on a German ship speaking their good old Gothic, which we did not understand. But the few English-speaking people on board, of course, I understood, amid the roar of men, women, and children, praying with all their might, pleading with God to only let them land one more time, and promising never to sail any more. Meanwhile, some of them asked me why I did not join them in that prayer and vow to sail no more. I responded that if God so willed, I certainly would sail again, and did afterward make three more voyages, on one of which He, in His great mercy, permitted me to preach the Gospel to the great heathen nations of the antipodean world. While the ship climbed those great oceanic mountains by her wonderful steam-power, higher and higher till she reached the dizzy summit, when plunging over, we had the strange experience of falling

through the air, quite a while, till she reached the bottom of the wave-trough with quivering shock and roaring thunder, sounding just as if she had broken in twain, and so terrific to the passengers, when she would rise again and climb another mountain. Meanwhile, great seas were running over us, actually hiding her in the dark-hued deep. Every door and window was constantly closed tight, otherwise, she would have been filled with water and sunk to the oceanic bottom.

(a) My amanuensis asks me if they were glass windows. We answer in the negative, with the exception of circular port holes, the only chance to look out. These were filled with glass so thick and strong that it was indefragible by the thundering billows. I look back to those five days, epochal in my biography, from which I enjoyed a more capacious apprehension of God's unsearchable majesty and divinity than ever before. I used the time preaching the Gospel to all in hearing and found them, apparently without exception, exceedingly appreciative. A Roman Catholic priest, a Canadian, having been thoroughly educated in this country and gone to Rome, where he had spent four years in the Vatican college at the feet of the pope, a brilliant classical scholar, talking regeneration fluently, but so surprised when I told him there was something else besides water baptism by an ordained priest, as he thought the same way on sanctification, but much surprised when I told him that I thought there was something in it besides good works as he thought. The steam power was so greatly superinduced by the thirty-six boilers at high pressure, that we shot through the

mountain seas and reached New York on schedule time.

(b) When we sailed from Singapore under the Equator at the southern terminus of the Malay peninsula for China an awful storm met us and never let up the four days of our run to Hongkong. The ship was crowded with passengers, and none who spoke English, except six—three Texas boys, John and Ed. Roberts, and Allie Irick, and Bishop Sellen and his wife who were Free Methodists. As they were all who could understand my speech, I did my best to fortify them against sea-sickness, which was so awful throughout the voyage. When we started every place was filled at the table, but when the storm had time to do its work, oh, how they thinned out, as they were not able to come, and too sick to eat. I actually felt lonesome, as I had no trouble with it, because I always trusted the Lord to keep it off, and consequently, in my extensive travels always had a glorious time preaching and studying during the voyages. When the storm got upon us in its terrible force, I saw the people going down with the awful nausea on all sides. I did my best to hold my sanctified crowd, exhorting them with all my might to take hold of Him who made the sea and commanded the storm, to give them standing grace, so they would not go down with the awful and indescribable torture characteristic of seasickness.

(c) Despite all my eloquent and pathetic appeals to trust the Lord to head off the appalling eruptions, which were prostrating them on all sides, the first thing I knew, John was sick and had to run away to his

stateroom and go to bed. Amid all my efforts to keep them on their feet, Ed. surrendered up, too, and went down. The others held out more courageously, but the bishop went down and as Allie Irick seemed as hardy as a crocodile, I thought surely he would stand. But I saw him sinking and he had to retreat, leaving none but the sister and me on the deck, where they were all to us as wooden people so far as conversation was concerned, for they could not speak a word of English. Then I had more ample leisure to talk to her about the kingdom of God. I thought she was a preacher because she was so spiritual, intelligent, and cultured, and I had seen her so useful in the Free Methodist camp-meetings in India. But to my surprise she confessed that she was a Jonah, having been called, but never being able to muster up the courage to take up the cross, take down the silver trumpet and warn the sinners to flee the wrath to come, to cheer the weak believer to go for the better way in the middle of the King's highway (Isa. 35:8) out of reach of Satan's lions, ravenous beasts, and lassoes tossed for head, hand, or foot, as they all fly too high to catch the humble pilgrim in the middle of the way.

(d) The Lord blest my humble ministry so she solemnly promised me that when she reached dear Columbia, her native country, she would strike at blowing the silver trumpet. I have frequently crossed her track in good old Yankee-land and found to my consolation her promises verified. I was once in an awful storm on the Mediterranean Sea which reminded me of the one which tossed Paul those two memorable weeks

and wrecked his ship. Meanwhile, God in answer to his prayers, saved all of the people amid this storm. I was tossed among the machinery by a violent rock of the ship and bruised and scratched considerably, but not hurt. The great trouble with storms arises from the fact that the people are so awfully sick, whereas, I honestly believe it is their privilege to escape it all by trusting the great Physician to keep it off.

(e) I have frequently crossed the English Channel, sailing over to France, and back, and always found it stormy, even though the environments were all calm, because such is the configuration of the surrounding highlands as to superinduce the storms. You Bible readers of course know well by reading your New Testament that the Sea of Galilee, the only one beneath the skies honored to carry our loving Saviour on her heaving bosom was terrifically infested with storms during His ministry, when He so astonished the people by sleeping soundly amid the roar, heaves, and surges, and when in their trepidation, they awakened Him, speaking to the wind and waves as you would to an obedient servant and commanding passification. To the disciples' unutterable astonishment, the cyclone hushed and the thundering billows acquiesced in a universal calm, cerulean seas and azure skies kissing each other in perfect tranquility.

(f) All this arose from the fact that that beautiful inland sea; though only forty miles from the Mediterranean, the mammoth of the globe, is 700 feet depressed, consequently, the winds blowing by so violently from west to east across the Atlantic 8,500 miles,

through Gibraltar and the Great sea 2,000 miles more, reaching the continent in its precipitous flight, dashing over the sea of Galilee 80 miles from summit to summit, is very likely to drop down so as to impinge with all its force against the eastern mountains, where it is very likely by the trend of the surface to deflect to the right or the left, giving it a circle around the abyss of the sea, and as the normal result developing a cyclone, whirling the ship round and round, as well as filling it with the swelling waves and thundering billows. This phenomenon gave our Lord a grand opportunity to reveal His omnipotent Divinity to the unutterable astonishment of the people who heard him command the storm when wind and wave immediately acquiesced in its sovereign mandate.

SECTION IV—PERSONALITIES

After seeking sanctification nineteen years, the Lord finally gave it to me (fifty years ago), because I had never heard a sermon on it. This was fifteen years before the movement crossed the river at Cincinnati and entered Dixie-land. Meanwhile He used my humble instrumentality to pioneer the movement from the Atlantic to Mexico, thus rendering my life exceedingly eventful, as I was often mobbed and sometimes threatened with immediate death.

(g) Having preached to a crowded audience, I had scarcely pronounced the benediction when a dozen men rushed to me and said, "Come at once as there is no train till morning, and we have a conveyance from

the livery to haul you away to save your life. The mob is too strong for us, and they are going to kill you."

The Holy Spirit, quick as lightning, said to me, "I am not ready for you to go," so I said to them, "Send the conveyance back, as I can't go." Then they concluded to go with me to my lodging and guard me. Upon arrival at my room, I said to them, "Let us pray," and I fell on my knees and lifted up heart and voice, "O Lord, these brethren have come to guard me, and if they knew, my high nervous temperament will not permit the sleep my weary body needs, in mercy pour thy Spirit on them. Bless their souls, send them home, give them the sleep they need. Bless us all, save us in Thy Kingdom. Amen."

They looked around upon one another with bewilderment about two minutes. Then the oldest man came to me, reached out his hand with these words, "Brother Godbey, I do not see what better we can do to answer your prayer. Good-night;" all the others did likewise.

(h) They all went away and I turned the mob over to God: "Now, Lord, if my work is done that mob is all right, as they will give me a quick passport to heaven with a martyr's crown shining on my brow to the infinite delectation of my soul. But if thou hast more work for me to do, the time has come for you to put your hand on the mob, as I know you will have no trouble to manage them. Soon I was wrapped in nature's sweet restorer and slept soundly until the king of day wheeled his fiery chariot around the world, and

was driving his flaming steeds up the Oriental firmament.

"Why was the mob after you?" Because a lawyer's wife had been wonderfully saved and sanctified in the meetings, and the people believed I was crazy. As the lawyer thought I had utterly ruined his wife, running her crazy so she would have to leave her little ones and go to the lunatic asylum, he had stirred up the mob to go for me.

(i) During that wonderful fifteen years of my notorious insanity, before the movement crossed the river at Cincinnati and swept my conference like a cyclone and so many of the preachers and members entered Beulah Land with shouts of victory and they got crazy too, and so they had simply been mistaken about me; but whereas I had lost my mind, it was the carnal mind which we all have to lose or the devil will get us, consequently, as they all wanted to be crazy too, they sent me to Burlington circuit, giving me three beautiful towns suburban to Cincinnati. I received the appointment at the close of conference, Wednesday night, took the first train, reaching my nearest appointment, East Bend, in time to drum up a houseful by nightfall. The magnates of my church told me that the Methodists and Universalists alternated in the same house, and I could not preach hell and damnation lest they drop me like a hot potato. I knew I could not do as they said and retain God in my heart, so I shook them over hell with the Herculean arm, giving them a panorama of the Judgment morn and the flaming bar of God, and those foolish Universalists turned away to the left and went

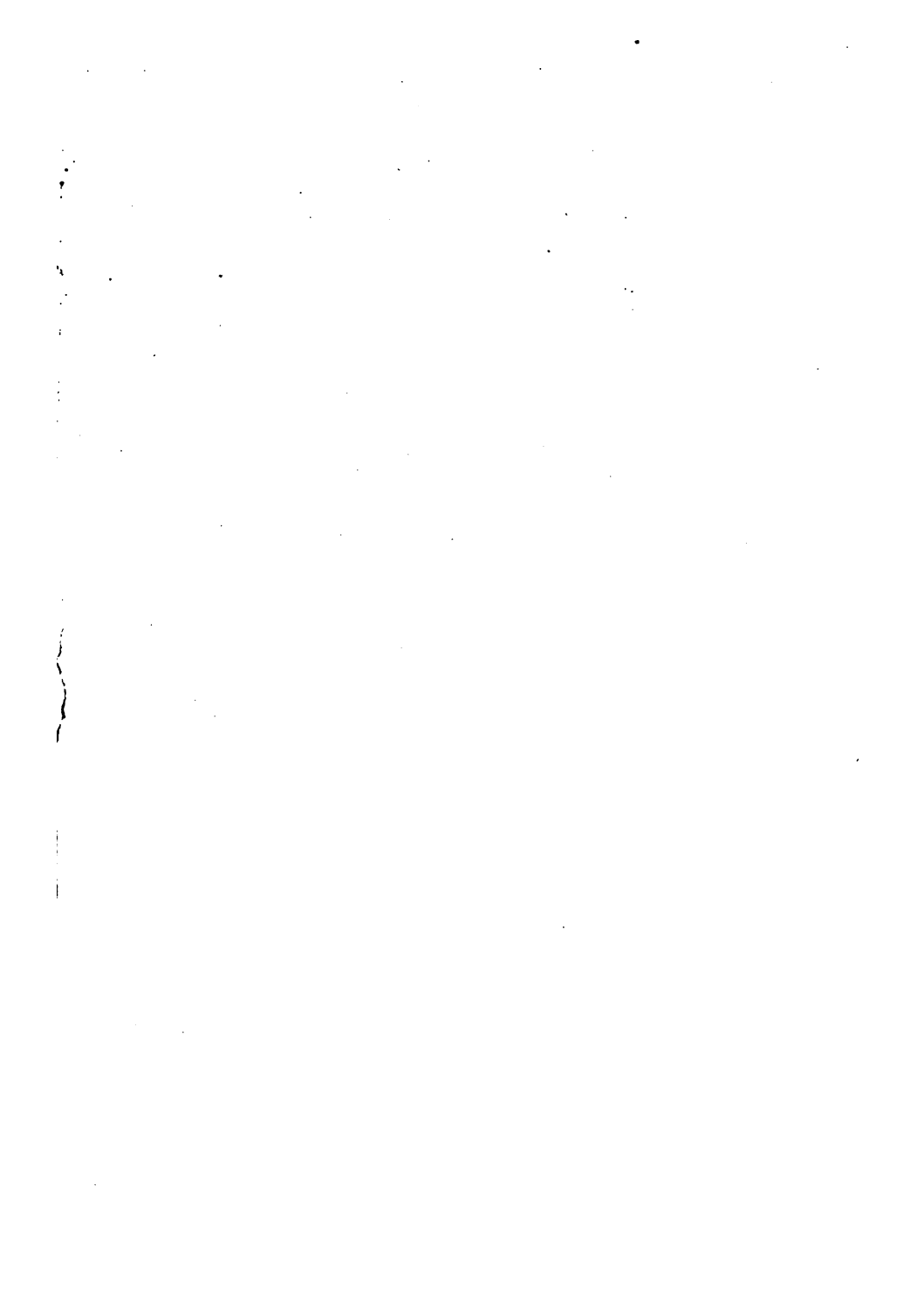
howling down to hell. Meanwhile, I stood on the witness block and was clear of their blood. This threw all the fat into the fire, as I had notoriety as the crazy preacher and they actually found it out and skedaddled me.

(j) Friday I went to Florence and drummed up a crowd by nightfall when they notified me that the Methodists and Campbellites alternated in perfect brotherly love, like David and Jonathan. They said it would not do for me to preach against their water-god, that they would all turn against me and I would be ruined, so I took my stand, dipped the Jordan dry, built a big fire in the middle, and told them that if Jesus did not baptize them with the Holy Ghost and fire, the devil would get all of them. The news already had arrived from East Bend that I had ruined everything there, so the brethren of Florence made full arrangements and gave me a free ride to the city Saturday morning, turned me over to the presiding elder as a crazy man, and unmanageable. I asked him to transfer me to Texas where the border ruffians and barbarous Mexicans would give me the freedom denied me in my own conference. He looked me in the face and said, "Brother Godbey, the man who had 400 people converted on his circuit last year can not transfer out of this conference. I would rather transfer out of this conference any other man than W. B. Godbey."

(k) I said, "What will you do, as they rejected me and hauled me away?" He said, "I worked hard in the conference to get you for my district and sent you where you are most needed, but as they will not have

you, I now take you away and send you where you are wanted." So he just turned me over to Alexandria, across the Licking, where they received me with shouts and put no brakes on me and I saw 500 people converted. So they had to form a new circuit and the fires spread on over the State and I saw the mighty works of God.

Now to all the Holiness people of every land and nation, race, color, sect, and denomination, this book is lovingly dedicated by the author. If the Lord lets me stay ten years longer (D. V.), I will write, *Happy Centurian* as that will be the tenth decade of my life. A hundred years old, "sunny-side" five years until I reach my one hundred first birthday and then "shady-side," ensuing five years. As many holiness people owe me for books throughout the United States and Canada, kindly hunt them up and get them to send it to me here as I receive no salary, working hard day and night, teaching the Bible in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and dictating books to preach when I am in heaven.



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]